

The Sketch



No. 554.—VOL. XLIII.

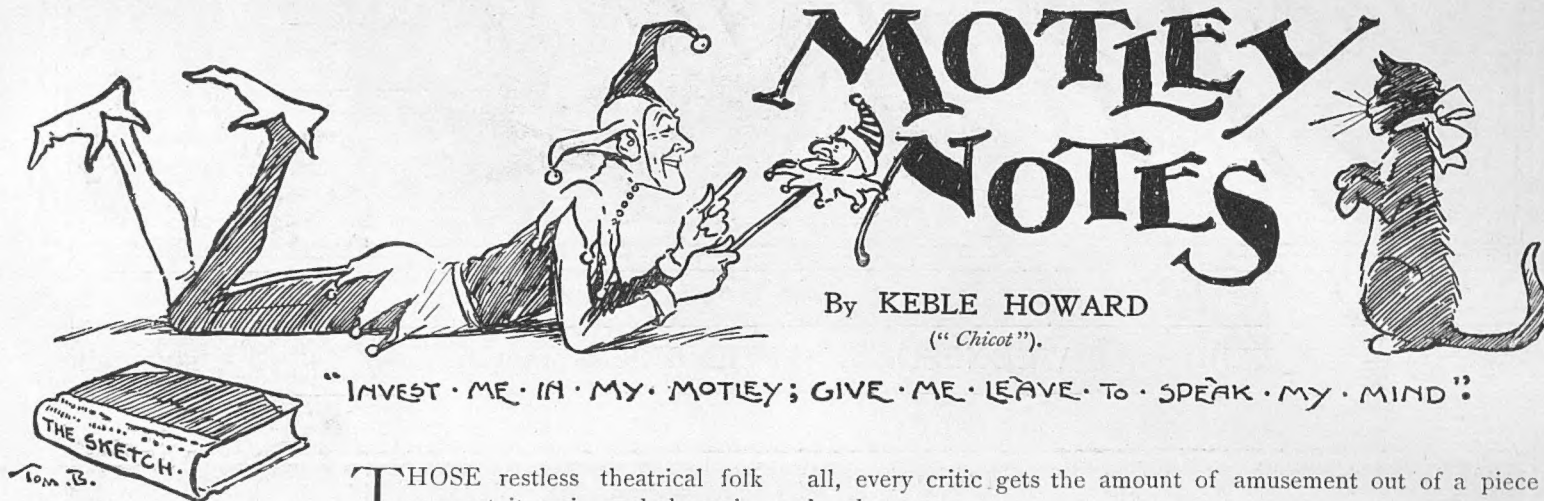
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1903.

SIXPENCE.



A SCENE FROM "BILLY'S LITTLE LOVE AFFAIR," AT THE CRITERION.

JACK FRERE (MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH) SUCCUMBS TO THE FASCINATIONS OF "BILLY" (MISS EVA MOORE).



THOSE restless theatrical folk are at it again, and the pale-faced critic is spending three or four evenings of each week in the playhouse. Already he has been asked to weep at the St. James's, to guffaw at the Criterion, and to smile, a trifle sardonically, at the Comedy. But these are only three of the moods that are expected of him. Before the pantomimes come round, the poor young fellow will have been thrilled, and excited, and horrified, and disgusted, and bored, and amazed. It is even possible that he may have been refused admission to a theatre and held up to scorn and derision in the public Press. Small wonder that every dramatic critic in London, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Archer, is a little bit of a cynic. Most of them, I admit, are ready to be enthusiastic over a really good piece of work, but the really good piece of work so seldom comes their way that, whilst they are waiting for it, the lines on either side of their dear noses deepen, and the corners of their poor mouths become a shade more drooping. And yet there are people in the world who are really anxious to be dramatic critics! The best way of curing that desire is to become a regular attendant at first-nights, button-hole the critics between the Acts, and tell them, gushingly, how much you are enjoying the play.

The production of "Billy's Little Love Affair" at the Criterion on Wednesday last brought together, as the Society papers say, quite a number of well-known literary folk. Amongst the brilliant people assembled in the stalls, for example, I noticed Mr. Arthur Bingham Walkley, trying hard to look as though he had never heard of Mr. Bernard Shaw or that Epistle Dedicatory. Then there was Max Beerbohm, ridiculously brown and robust after his annual holiday. Mr. Archer, who sat near the door on the "O.P." side, was wearing a neat dress-suit, relieved, about the chest, by a patch of some white material. "E. F. S.," alert as ever, had something amusing to say to everybody between the Acts, but Mr. Malcolm Watson, representing the *Daily Telegraph*, stood apart moodily and frowned at the stair-carpet. Mr. B. W. Findon, of the *Morning Advertiser*, was talking to Mr. Richard Lee, of the *People*; and Mr. Philip Carr, of the *Daily News*, smiled at the house in his own genial and general way. Mr. Edward Michael, the celebrated critic of the *Weekly Dispatch*, occupied a prominent place in the dress-circle. A notable absentee was that kindly after-dinner speaker, Mr. McDonald Rendle, who usually occupies the *Daily Mail* stall on these occasions.

The little play itself, I was amused to observe, evoked quite a variety of opinions from these learned gentlemen. Thus, the more strenuous of them were cross with Mr. Esmond because he had employed theatrical artifices. The more cynical, on the other hand, professed to admire the frank way in which the author had set out to fill his pockets rather than to increase his literary reputation. A few determinedly subtle-minded people managed to convince themselves that the main motive of the play was to satirise the problem-drama. Finally, one little Puritan, with a piping voice and a hesitating manner, objected to the idea of the flat and all that sort of thing. For my own part—I know I am not a dramatic critic, but I must express an opinion—I came to the conclusion that Mr. Esmond had sketched out the scenario at the time when the problem-play was all the rage; that he had then left it alone whilst he wrote "The Sentimentalist"; lastly, that he had remodelled the play with his tongue in his cheek, a twinkle in his eye, and, if possible, his thumb to his nose. The result is a very amusing "light comedy," which will probably become a farcical comedy before it has been running very much longer. After

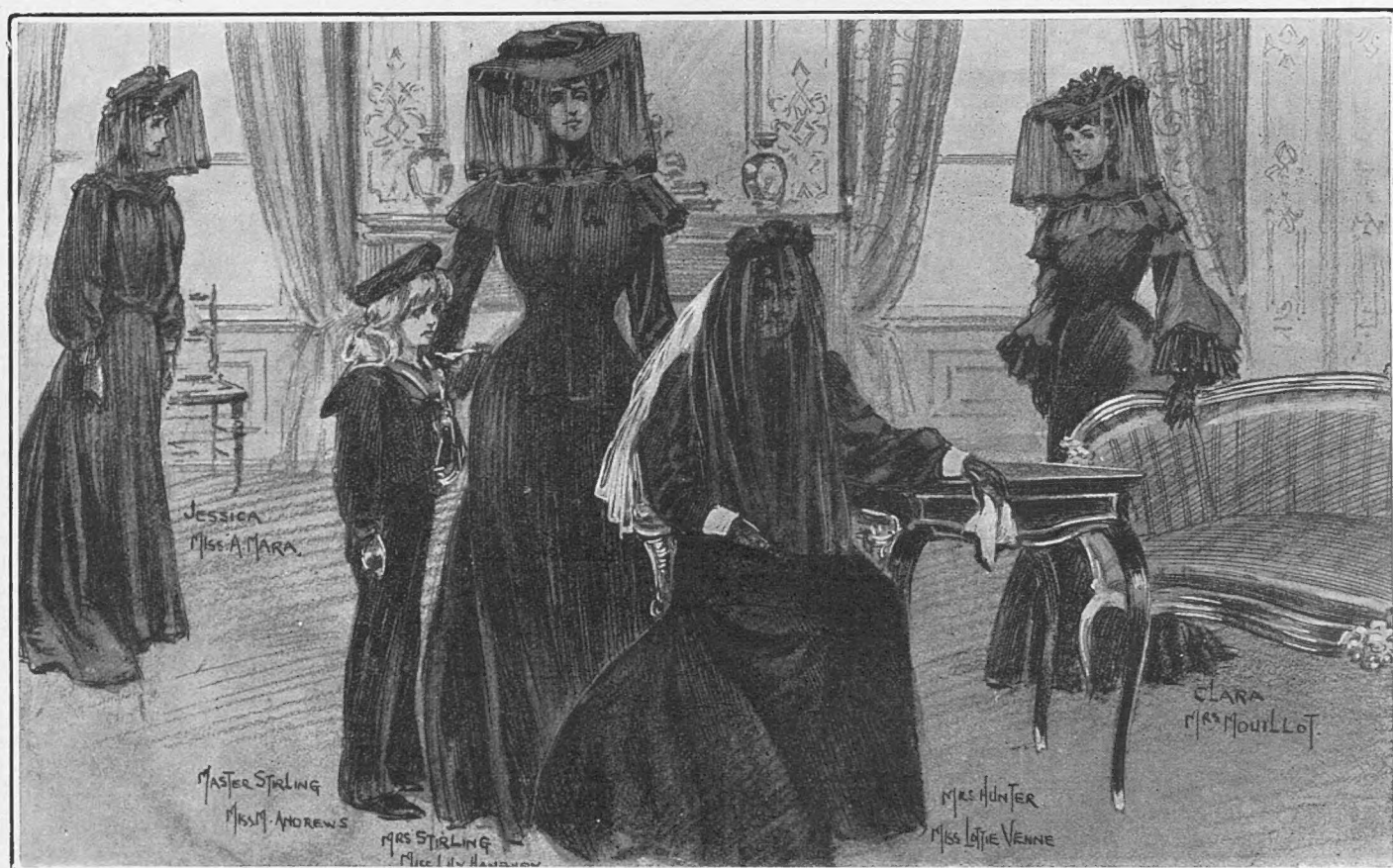
all, every critic gets the amount of amusement out of a piece that he deserves.

Mr. Esmond, as I have hinted, has stirred several rather cheap ingredients into this new pudding of his, but the least palatable, I think, is the lady journalist. Heaven knows, there are many different types of lady journalists, from the nervous little person who shakes so pitifully that she drops her purse, her handkerchief, and her umbrella, to the brazen, red-faced creature who raises her voice in strident protestation when the champagne at a public dinner is not quite to her liking. But there never was in the beginning, is not now, and never will be a lady journalist resembling, in any way, the caricature of a woman in "Billy's Little Love Affair." Strange as it may seem to Mr. Esmond and his brother-dramatists, the average lady journalist is a well-mannered, well-educated lady, who takes her place quite simply and naturally in the general scheme of things, and works very hard for a sum of money that would bring a curl of derision to the lip of the fashionable young actress. If some of our dramatists, when they are reluctantly submitting to the form of torture known as an interview, would profit by the occasion to study their interviewers, dramatic literature might be enriched by the addition of a new and very interesting type.

Whether Miss Hickman is a very ordinary-looking young woman, or whether other young women are hoping to be mistaken for her, I am not prepared to say, but the streets of London seem to be full of people wearing their boots large and their hair done in the Edna May style. For all that, the really smart detectives are keeping a look-out for a lady with frizzed hair and abnormally small feet. They are, of course, perfectly right, for it is not to be supposed that Miss Hickman, granting that she is still amongst us, would walk about looking like her portrait. Publicity, up to a certain point, is endurable; indeed, there are many ladies engaged in artistic pursuits who are able to be quite cheerful in the face of it. But even Miss Corelli, I imagine, would not care to be hunted and harried like a veritable fugitive from justice. It would be far more seemly if the newspapers would drop the matter altogether, and leave the work of investigation to the police. But one cannot, I fear, hope for that, more particularly now that the yacht-races are over. If Miss Hickman has not been found before these lines appear in print, I should advise her to possess her soul in patience until Mr. Chamberlain gets to work on his fiscal fight.

Everybody does careless things sometimes, and you must not be surprised to hear, therefore, that I was sufficiently foolhardy, last week, to attend a wedding. To be sure, it was a comparatively quiet affair, but the atmosphere, none the less for that, was charged with that infectious something that has brought many and many a reckless groomsman to his doom. The softer sex—if I may use a somewhat trite euphemism—seldom shows to better advantage than at a wedding. Generally speaking, there never was a woman, yet who did not pour out sweetness, and tenderness, and love, and admiration at the feet of a bride. It is truly wonderful to see how utterly they can put themselves aside on occasions of this sort. The tragedy of the thing, of course, tears at their heart-strings, just as the comedy of the event never fails to appeal to the father of the bride towards the end of the reception. And so the poor male, noting their emotion, suddenly realises the goodness of women and begins to wonder whether he is not, after all, missing the better side of life by remaining free. I hasten to assure you that, notwithstanding my ultra-sentimental disposition, I returned to town as irresponsible as I left it.

CLYDE FITCH'S SOCIETY PLAY AT THE COMEDY.



THE CLUBMAN.

Christiania and its Yachts—A Lunch on the Mountain-side—The Outskirts of Copenhagen.

CHRISTIANIA is a town of yachtsmen. It is ordinary enough in most ways, and, if one was set down suddenly on an island before the town and told to guess where one was, nine men out of ten, if they had not been there before, would say that it was a town on one of the Swiss lakes. A second glance, however, shows the forest of little masts that stand up in all the inlets, thousands of small yachts fringing the shore of every bay, which is a sight not to be seen in Switzerland. In the evening of a fine day, when the day's work is over, every father of a family, every little clerk, every man, woman, and child who has no business on shore is out on the water, and there is not a lad, gentle or simple, in the Norwegian capital who does not know how to sail a boat. As a contrast in nationalities, a great German pleasure-steamer came into the fjord while I was at Christiania, and lay at anchor. She is a floating palace, one of the Hamburg-American boats, subsidised by the German Government and sent touring about the world. She is one of the means by which the Kaiser hopes to make his subjects a sea-going people. She is organised as a floating hotel, gilt and polished, spick-and-span, and a fine brass band plays three times a day to amuse the passengers; but the men and women who came ashore from her looked the least sea-going people I have ever seen. They did not know how to get into the ship's boats, and the old term "land-lubber" was writ large all over them in a hundred ways. When the Kaiser goes to Norway he must covet greatly the men of the country for his Navy and for yachtsmen. If there was in Norway the money in proportion there is in Germany and England, we should find the flag of that country flying on winning yachts at Kiel and Cowes.

The telephone is used in Christiania to a greater extent than in any other town I know of, even more than in Cannes, which I have always looked upon as the champion town of long distances linked up by wire. Behind the town is a mountain covered with forest and powdered with chalets great and small, fine villas of stucco, and tiny log-huts. One wanders through a majestic woodland, and everywhere in what seem absolute solitudes a wire runs above one's head. One comes to a glade, and a couple of score of wires are grouped, while a forest-path has a hundred wires upheld on poles alongside it. Every little shanty on this hill has its own private wire connecting it with the world below.

Life must be very cheap in the capital of Norway, to judge from the one meal I ate in its environs. I was playing host to a party of four. We had been taken by an electric-railway two-thirds of the way up the mountain, and I ordered lunch for our party at a little café and restaurant built in imitation of an old-fashioned Norwegian farm. We ate fish and veal, cheese and ices, and the two men of the party drank the beer of the country, the ladies preferring milk. My bill came to four kroner, which is about five shillings.

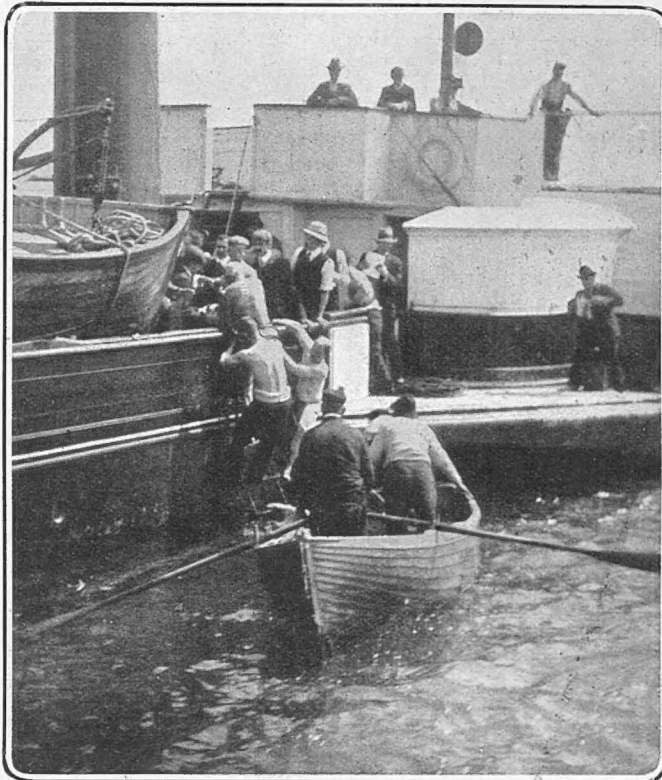
At Copenhagen I refused to go sight-seeing, and fled to the woods for two days. If you say in the Danish capital that you do not

wish to see the casts of Thorwaldsen's statues in the Museum, you are looked on as a candidate for a Lunatic Asylum; but I and certain other bold spirits risked this, and, leaving the good ship *Argonaut*, went by train as far afield as Skodsborg, a little bathing-place on the Sound, where there is a comfortable hotel with a pier and a line of bathing-boxes before it, beautiful gardens by the side of it, and the beech-woods, a magnificent stretch of forest-land, behind it. From this point of vantage we walked to Klampenborg, which is the opposition bathing-place to Skodsborg, and drove to Elsinore.

King Edward's visit to Vienna has proved even more of a personal triumph than his sojourns in France and Italy. For more than a century the friendship between Great Britain and Austria has gone on increasing, and the welcome given to His Majesty by the Emperor and the populace of the Austrian capital could hardly have been exceeded for warmth and enthusiasm. Vienna was almost denuded of troops, owing to the absence of the garrison at the Manœuvres, but the small force of police on duty was at all times able to control the enormous crowds with perfect ease. On each

occasion that King Edward and the Emperor appeared driving through the streets together the two monarchs were heartily cheered.

On Tuesday evening of last week, Mr. Montague Holbein essayed his fourth attempt to cross the English Channel by swimming. Perfect weather prevailed when he entered the water, about seven o'clock, the sea being smooth and a mere breath of westerly breeze blowing. For some hours everything went well. At the end of the thirteenth hour he was only four miles from the French coast, but four hours later he had been carried by a strong tide up the Channel towards the North Sea, and was twice that distance from his goal. He left the water seventeen and a-half hours after entering it, having swum some forty miles, and ascended the rope-ladder hanging from the side of the attendant tug without assistance and apparently none the worse for his exertions.



HOLBEIN'S ATTEMPT TO SWIM THE CHANNEL: THE END OF THE STRUGGLE.

Photograph by Broad, Dover.



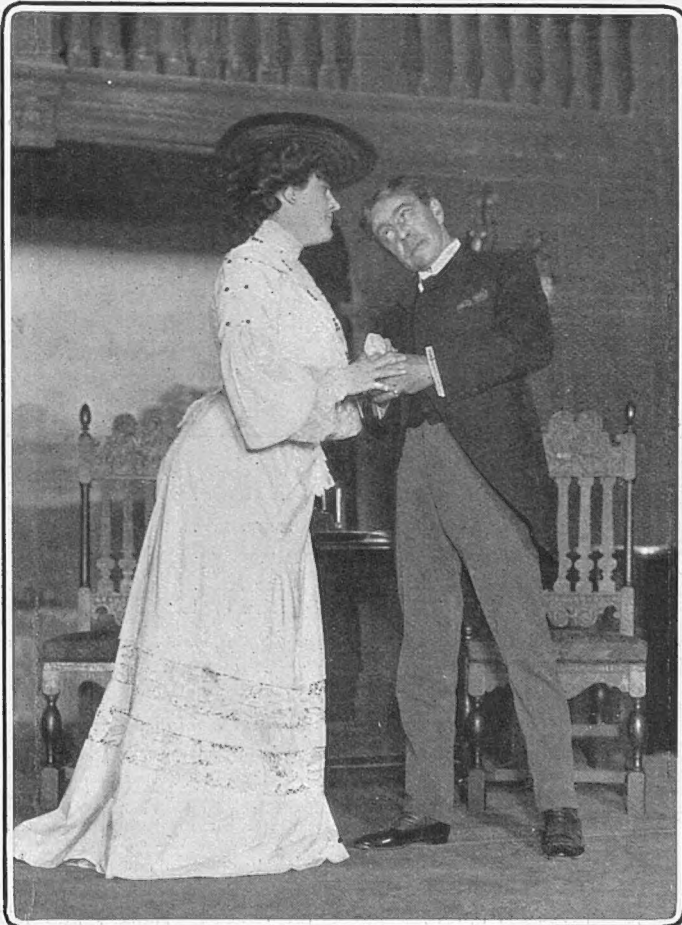
THE KING OF ENGLAND AND THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF VIENNA (AUG. 31).

Copyright Photograph of the Art Reproduction Company.

THREE SCENES FROM "BILLY'S LITTLE LOVE AFFAIR,"
AT THE CRITERION



Sir Harry Harmon (Mr. Charles Groves). Jack Frere (Mr. Allan Aynesworth). Lady Duncan (Miss Granville). Mrs. Jim Greaves (Miss Florence St. John).
Lady Duncan defies Jack Frere, who has discovered that she is the culprit of the disgraceful escapade attributed to "Billy."



Mr. Munkittrick (Mr. Mark Kinghorne).

But Jack Frere is unyielding, and makes Lady Duncan sign a paper clearing "Billy" before she (Lady Duncan) marries Mr. Munkittrick, the trusting millionaire.



Jim Greaves (Mr. Sam Sothern).

Jim Greaves, the male culprit of the same escapade, apologises humbly to his wife, and obtains a full pardon, together with a renewal of his allowance.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. — MR. TREE.
TO-MORROW (THURSDAY), Sept. 10, at 8, and EVERY EVENING,
Shakespeare's
KING RICHARD II.
FIRST MATINEE WEDNESDAY NEXT, Sept. 16, and EVERY FOLLOWING
WEDNESDAY, at 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. F. J. Turner) now open 10 to 7.

TERRY'S THEATRE. — EVERY EVENING at 8.15.
MATS. WEDS. and SATS. at 2.30. A new Comedy Opera in two Acts, entitled
MY LADY MOLLY. Music by Sidney Jones. Book and Lyrics by G. H. Jessop.

GARRICK. — MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and MISS VIOLET
VANBRUGH EVERY EVENING at 9 in THE BISHOP'S MOVE.
At 8.15, THE SMOOTHING SYSTEM. WEDNESDAY MATINEES at 2.30.

STRAND THEATRE. — Mr. Frank Curzon, Proprietor and Manager.
A CHINESE HONEYMOON (8 o'clock). (Established A.D. MCML.) By Mr. George
Dance. Music by Howard Talbot. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY, at 2.15.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE. — Lessee and Manager,
Mr. Frank Curzon. — George Edwardes's and Charles Frohman's Company. THE
SCHOOLGIRL, at 8. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY, at 2.

COMEDY THEATRE. — Under the Management of Mr. Frank
Curzon. Messrs. REEVES-SMITH and SYDNEY VALENTINE'S SEASON.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, THE CLIMBERS, by Clyde Fitch, an Original Modern Play in
Four Acts. MATINEE every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30. Box Office 10 to 10.

LONDON HIPPODROME.
Managing Director, MR. H. E. MOSS.
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

FIRE EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.
Admission, 1s. Daily 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.
Fire Prevention and Fire Fighting Appliances.
FIRE PICTURES AND FIRE RELICS. ANCIENT FIRE-ENGINES FROM 1514.
IN THE EMPRESS THEATRE — "FIGHTING THE FLAMES."
TWICE DAILY, 3.30 and 8.30 p.m. Thousands of Reserved Seats, 6d to 3s.
Great Conflagration Scene. Thrilling Episodes, Escapes and Rescues.
NOT IMITATION, BUT STUPENDOUS REALISM.
GRENADIER GUARDS and HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY'S BANDS.
ASSOUAN VILLAGE — 150 Natives from the Nile. Continental Circus. Great Fire of London, 1666.
Martiniques — Survivors of Mont Pelée — River of Fiery Lava — Glacier Glide — Topsy-Turvy
House — Spider's Web — Manège Mécanique — The Biograph.

UNRIVALLED SCENERY. — Shooting, Fishing, Golf, &c. 800 feet above Sea-level.
CHURCH STRETTON — THE HIGHLANDS OF ENGLAND.
THE MOST FAVOURED HEALTH RESORT OF THE MIDLANDS. Interesting
Guide obtainable from the Hon. Sec., G. L. JONES, Church Stretton Advancement Association.

HASTINGS. QUEEN'S HOTEL.
UNDER ENTIRELY NEW MANAGEMENT.
Due South, facing Sea. Electric Light. Passenger Elevator. Moderate Tariff.
Perfect Sanitary Arrangements. Telegraphic address: "Queen's, Hastings."
A. RICKARDS, Manageress (late Queen's Hotel, Southsea).

HARROGATE GRAND HOTEL.
THE HOTEL DE LUXE OF THE PROVINCES.

T. P. O'CONNOR, in *M. A. P.*, says: "The Grand Hotel is a beautiful building standing on a
healthy hill; is furnished with a luxury which might make even a Paris hotel envious; and it has
Parisian cooks that might bear comparison without fear with even the chefs of such London
palaces as the Savoy and Carlton. In this hotel you certainly have no reason to sigh for any other
hotel in the world." Furnished by Messrs. Goodall, Lamb, and Heighway, Ltd., Manchester.
R. C. ULLRICH, Manager.

ALSO OF THE CAP MARTIN HOTEL, NEAR MENTONE.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
PARIS and SWITZERLAND. — The Cheapest and Most Comfortable
Route is via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Fast Royal Mail Steamers and
Corridor Trains. Express Services leave London 10 a.m. and 8.50 p.m. daily. Through Bookings
to all parts of France, Switzerland, and Italy; Normandy and Brittany Tours. Cheap Week-End
Tickets to Dieppe. Tours in Switzerland and Austrian Tyrol.
Full particulars of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

INTENDING TOURISTS TO GREATER
CORK INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

Are advised to send Twelve Penny Stamps to the Superintendent of Line, Great
Southern and Western Railway, Dublin, and they will receive by return the
Company's Revised Official Illustrated Guide and Tourist Programme, giving all
information as to Hotels and Travel by Rail, Coach, Lake and River Steamers
in the South and West, including
QUEENSTOWN, CORK, GLENGARRIFF,
KILLARNEY, PARKNASILLA,
VALENCIA, WATERVILLE, CARAGH LAKE, LEHINCH, KILKEE,
CONNEMARA, UPPER AND LOWER SHANNON, &c.
Through Bookings via Dublin, Waterford, and Cork.
EXCURSION TICKETS TO CORK will be issued from principal Stations on English and
Scotch Railways.
VISITORS to KILLARNEY are recommended to obtain their Tickets via the GRAND
ATLANTIC COAST ROUTE, which embraces PARKNASILLA. Company's Hotels at
KILLARNEY, KENMARE, PARKNASILLA, CARAGH LAKE, and WATERVILLE.
Hotel Coupons issued at (Dublin) Kingsbridge, Waterford, and Cork Stations.
For full particulars as to Fares, &c., apply to SUPERINTENDENT OF THE LINE,
Kingsbridge Station (Dublin), or to Irish Railways London Office, 2, Charing Cross, London;
Messrs. C. W. BULLOCK and CO., 22, Lime Street, Liverpool; Messrs. J. WALLIS and SONS,
33, Bachelors Walk, Dublin; or any of Messrs. COOK's Tourist Offices.

Thirteenth Edition. Cloth, 1s. 6d.; Paper, 1s. Post Free from the Publishers.

THE DIETETIC CURE OF OBESITY
("FOODS FOR THE FAT.")

By N. E. YORKE-DAVIES, L.R.Coll. Phys., Lond., &c.

Illustrates the dangers of Obesity—viz., Weak Heart, Breathlessness,
Dropsy, Apoplexy, Congestive Diseases, etc.; the Evils of Quackery,
Purgatives, and Drugs, and that the Permanent Cure of Obesity is a
matter of Diet alone.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE QUEEN says—"The advice contained in this book will be invaluable."
THE LADY says—"The very best book on corpulency that has ever been written."
THE MORNING ADVERTISER says—"This little book should be carefully read, not
only by those who are stout, but also by those in whom incipient corpulency has
manifested itself."

LONDON: CHATTO & WINDUS, 111, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.
Or from any Bookseller.

CHATTO AND WINDUS'S NEW BOOKS.

THE MYSTERY OF LINCOLN'S INN. By ROBERT
MACHRAY, Author of "The Vision Splendid," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

PRINCE HAGEN: A Phantasy. By UPTON SINCLAIR, Author
of "King Midas," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

LADY JUDAS. By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "Fettered
for Life." Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

ESSAYS AND HISTORIETTES. By Sir WALTER BESANT,
Author of "As we are and As we may be," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

IN LAKE LAND DELLS AND FELS. By W. T. PALMER,
Author of "Lake-Country Rambles." With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt
top, 6s.
"Mr. Palmer makes the mountains call to us."—DAILY NEWS.
"There is not a page of the book but is odorous of the open air."—SCOTSMAN.

LOVE AND LOVERS OF THE PAST. By PAUL GAULOT,
Author of "A Lover of the Queen." Translated by C. LAROCHE, M.A. With a
Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE. By R. L. STEVENSON. (New
Volume of the ST. MARTIN'S LIBRARY.) Pott 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 2s. net; leather,
gilt edges, 3s. net.

London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

TWO NOTABLE NOVELS.

THE DAYSPRING: A Romance. By WILLIAM
BARRY. Crown 8vo, Red Cloth Library, 6s.

"There are pages of description in which one's admiration is stirred by a style almost as
perfect as Thackeray's, almost as powerful as Carlyle's. There are prose pictures of street
scenes in Paris during the turmoil of the Commune which flash across one's mental vision as if
every figure in this crowd stood out in limelight. . . . There are snatches of dialogue so
passionate, so intense, so crisp, that it is like listening to the heated words of passers-by in the
midst of one of life's grim dramas."—DAILY MAIL.

A SATIRE FOR IDLE PEOPLE.

THE SITUATIONS OF LADY PATRICIA.
By W. R. H. TROWBRIDGE, Author of "The Letters of Her Mother
to Elizabeth." Crown 8vo, Red Cloth Library, 6s.

"This 'satire for idle people' is, of its kind, the cleverest piece of work done by W. R. H.
Trowbridge. . . . As a story, the thing is diverting; but as a light satire, it is little short
of exquisite. The society character sketches are clear and convincing, and the crisp, epigram-
matic dialogue is flecked with humour."—DUNDEE ADVERTISER.

THE LOVE-LETTERS OF MARGARET
FULLER. With an Introduction by JULIA WARD HOWE. With
Portrait, 12mo, cloth, gilt top, 5s. net.

T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL NOTICES.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its
merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are
requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published,
(b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright.
With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published
photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect
and the name and address of the sender written carefully on the back of each
photograph submitted.

COUPON TICKET.

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd.,
36 to 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to
the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET.

(Applicable to Passenger Trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal repre-
sentative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary
ticket-bearing passenger, and who at the time of such accident had upon his person, or had left
at home, this ticket, attached or detached, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or
pencil, on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person
injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the
benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee
Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under
Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said
Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the
same risk.

Sept. 9, 1903.

Signature.....



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE old Town Moor, Doncaster, has seen many a brilliant gathering during the last five centuries, but none rivalling in brilliancy and interest that held there this week, when it is widely hoped our Sovereign will see his colt, Mead, win the St. Leger. It seems to be thought that His Majesty will be present on all four days, and certainly not for many a long year has the neighbourhood, in the matter of entertaining, been

more true to its hospitable traditions. The scene this week offers a great contrast to that witnessed just ten years ago, in 1893, when the whole country round the ancient Yorkshire town was suffering from the effects of the great coal-strike.

The Princess's Home-coming.

The Princess of Wales received a rapturous welcome on Deeside, both from her own little children and from her neighbours, who are delighted to have the Royal mistress of Abergeldie once more in their midst. According to those who have had the honour of seeing Her Royal Highness, "The Lady Killarney," as the Princess elected to be called during her Continental holiday, looks remarkably well and much benefited by the change. Even Royal personages must sometimes feel in need of a thorough change of thought and scene, and few lives are more strenuous and fatiguing than that led by the Heir-Apparent and his popular wife. Abergeldie is becoming one of their Royal Highnesses' favourite homes; there the Prince is able to indulge in his favourite sport of salmon-fishing, for some of the best stretches of the Dee flow past the Castle grounds, and the Princess sees far more of her children than she can do even in her Norfolk home.

Royal Londoners.

In a social sense, London in September is supposed to be as deserted as the North Pole, and yet last week both the King and Queen and the Duke of Cambridge enjoyed some days of almost perfect weather in the deserted town. His Majesty—unlike Queen Victoria, who never made any secret of her dislike of Buckingham Palace—is very fond of the stately pile which was his birthplace. Doubtless both the Sovereign and Queen Alexandra were anxious to see how the preparations in connection with the Queen Victoria Memorial were getting on. The works are being pressed forward, perhaps in order that their Majesties' eyes might be gladdened by the sight of something more seemly than the inchoate and untidy-looking diggings and embankings which have made that corner of the Mall such an eyesore to those Clubmen who for any reason have had to spend August in town.

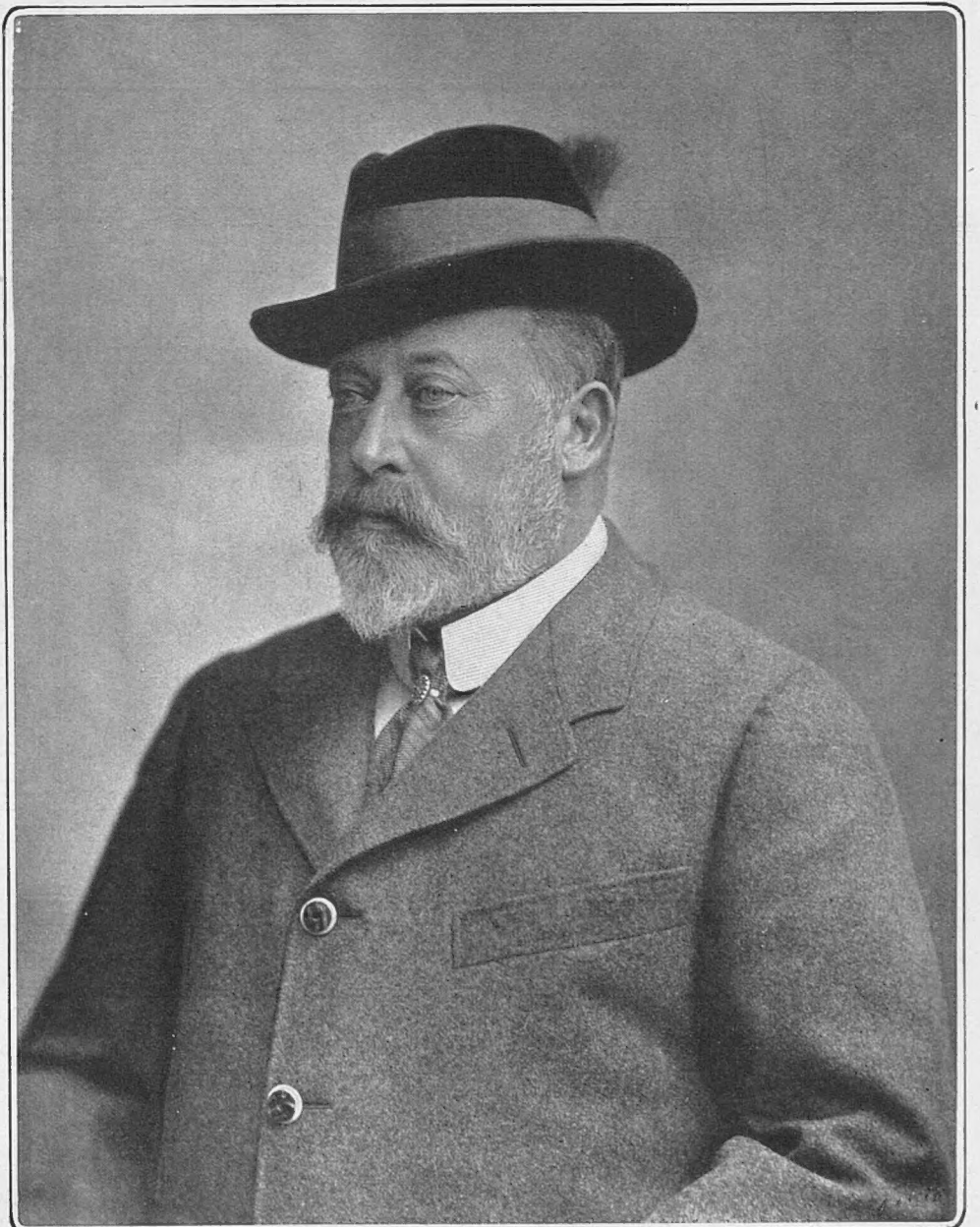
A Charming Ambassadors.

By a curious irony of fate, the charming and clever Lady Plunkett, who as British Ambassadors at Vienna played so important a rôle in last week's festivities, and to whom the Emperor of Austria has just paid a marked compliment in sending her his picture, is American by birth. The distinguished diplomatist whose name she bears has had an exceptionally long and varied career, and it was a happy day for him and, it may also be said, for his Sovereign and his country when he met and married Miss Morgan, of Philadelphia. Sir Francis Plunkett is, of course, an Irishman, an uncle of the present

Earl of Fingall, and he possesses all the tact and wit which seem to be the heritage of the well-born Irishman and which make them so admirably suited to "lie abroad for their country's good." The venerable Emperor Francis Joseph has a great regard for him and for Lady Plunkett, as is shown by his gift to the latter of his own portrait. His Imperial Majesty is far more chary of giving counterfeit presentments of himself than is his brother of Germany, and the honour is, therefore, the more highly esteemed.

Lord Milner's Holiday.

Lord Milner, following the modern fashion, will make quite a stay on the Continent, in order to enjoy a "cure" at Carlsbad before reaching England, home, and beauty. A shrewd critic has lately observed that what is the matter with Africa is the prevalence there of bachelors, and it certainly seems odd that the more prominent South Africans are all single, including Lord Milner and Dr. Jameson. Fortunately, this is a state of things which may always be mended, and, from the point of view of the ambitious débutante, the stern, silent Proconsul who will be in England by the end of September is one of the greatest *partis* in the world. It is significant of Lord Milner's extraordinary tact and astuteness that he, almost alone among the more noteworthy of modern bachelors, has never seen himself announced as engaged to any of the fair widows and spinsters who have visited Cape Town during the last four years.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

Taken at Marienbad by J. F. Langhans.

*The Queen's
Engaged
God-daughter.*

I give an interesting portrait of Miss Alexandra Vivian, Lord Swansea's pretty sister, who has just become engaged to Mr. Alexander Leith. Her twin-sister, Miss Alberta Vivian, is the god-daughter of the King. Their Majesties take very seriously the duties of sponsorship, and the Queen always keeps in close touch with her godchildren, be they of high or of humble station, and she takes the most unaffected interest in the engagements and weddings of her god-daughters.

*The Duke of
Roxburghe's
Engagement.*

Yet another American Duchess, and a very charming and wealthy one to boot, is appearing on the horizon of English Society. The young Duke of Roxburghe, following his first-cousin the Duke of Marlborough's example, has sought and won a bride in the land of the Stars and Stripes. Miss May Goelet, his future Duchess, is, however, well known on this side of the Atlantic, for since her father Mr. Ogden Goelet's death, Miss Goelet, her brother, and her mother have lived almost entirely in Europe. The future Duchess of Roxburghe by the time she is five-and-twenty will have command of one of the largest fortunes in the world, the sum estimated being twenty millions of dollars. This sum may, however, be larger or smaller, according to the shrewdness or otherwise of the trustees who have had the investment of the wealth left by Mr. Goelet at a time when his son and daughter were severally seventeen and eighteen. Few heiresses have been more carefully guarded from the fortune-hunter, and, on the other hand, few have been more often engaged by popular rumour than Miss Goelet. Her fiancé is a favourite at Court, and is the owner of one of the most delightful of Scottish castles, Floors, which rivals in splendour and size the most splendid and stately country mansions in the kingdom.

It was said that the late Lord Salisbury was one of the very few individuals of non-Royal birth who had seen his own statue erected during his lifetime, but it may be doubted whether any man of his youthful years has received so great a tribute to the esteem in which he is held by his own neighbours and friends as Lord Lovat, the popular Peer-Scout, is about to receive. At Beaulieu, close to Beaufort Castle, is to be erected a clock-tower, which will remain for many a long day a memorial of Lord Lovat and his Scouts and the splendid work they did during the South African War. Yet another Peer whose statue adorns his native town is Lord Iveagh, and as he goes to and from Dublin it must be a curious sensation to see his carven image staring down on him from the eminence on which it was placed some years ago.

The Lost "Whip." The Lobby of the House of Commons will miss Mr. Harry Anstruther, who has obtained a permanent appointment and resigned his seat. Mr. Anstruther has done duty in the Lobby for many years, first as a Whip for the Liberal-Unionists and subsequently as the Second Government Whip. He knew everybody and had a pleasant word for almost everybody while

Members passed in and out. Ladies also, on entering with their husbands, paused to chat with Mr. Anstruther, who was, no doubt, pleased to beguile the time with small talk. Many hundreds of times he has advanced to the Table with the Chief Whip to announce the figures in divisions. Physically, he was a contrast to his "chief," being himself small in stature, while Sir William Walrond and his successor, Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, are tall men. Mr. Anstruther was conspicuously careful in dress.

*A Baby of the
Future.*

The European Press has passed by almost in silence the birth of a little Prince who may one day make a great name for himself and go a long way towards solving that everlasting puzzle, the Near Eastern Question. At the end of last month, the Princess Natalie, wife of Prince Mirko of Montenegro, gave birth to a son who will very probably some day become the Prince of Montenegro. But on his

mother's side he is the heir of the Obrenovitch dynasty of Serbia, for the Princess Natalie was a Mdle. Constantinovich, in whom, since the murder of King Alexander, are vested the rights of that family. It is quite possible that the baby Prince, if he has any ambition, may some day unite the crowns of Montenegro and Serbia and restore that Empire of the Serbian Czars of which so much has been heard of late. At any rate, his career will be worth watching.

Thousands of people are now abroad for the autumn holidays, visiting the great capitals of Europe, and it is curious to note how some places are fashionable, while others are very much the reverse. Smart people go to Paris, St. Petersburg, and even to Rome and Madrid, but they never think of going to Berlin, which in this connection is regarded as quite a middle-class town; nor to Lisbon, and very seldom to Vienna. Perhaps the visits of the King to the two latter capitals may make a change in this respect, but nothing could ever make Berlin fashionable. Vienna used to be one of the gayest capitals in Europe before the recent tragedies of the Austrian Imperial house; but it is far sadder than it used to be. Belgrade, too,

was a very lively capital, but it never was smart, and late events have quite robbed it of all chance of popularity.

*The Great Story-
Teller of the World.*

Jules Verne, of whose ill-health it may be said that millions have heard with regret, may claim the proud title of the greatest of the world's story-tellers. It is strange that France should have produced two such writers as Dumas père and Jules Verne, so different in every way, and yet each equally popular not only in his own country, but the whole world over. M. Verne and his wife—a charming old lady, far more vigorous than he is himself—live in a quaint, old-fashioned house in the town of Amiens. There, in a tiny room not much larger than an English bath-room, the wonderful old man evolves his amazing stories, writing his "copy" in the early morning, when even his early-rising neighbours are still fast asleep. No man is more modest and unassuming than this fine old veteran who has added so much to the world's happiness.



MISS ALEXANDRA VIVIAN, A GOD-DAUGHTER OF THE QUEEN, ENGAGED TO MR. ALEXANDER LEITH.

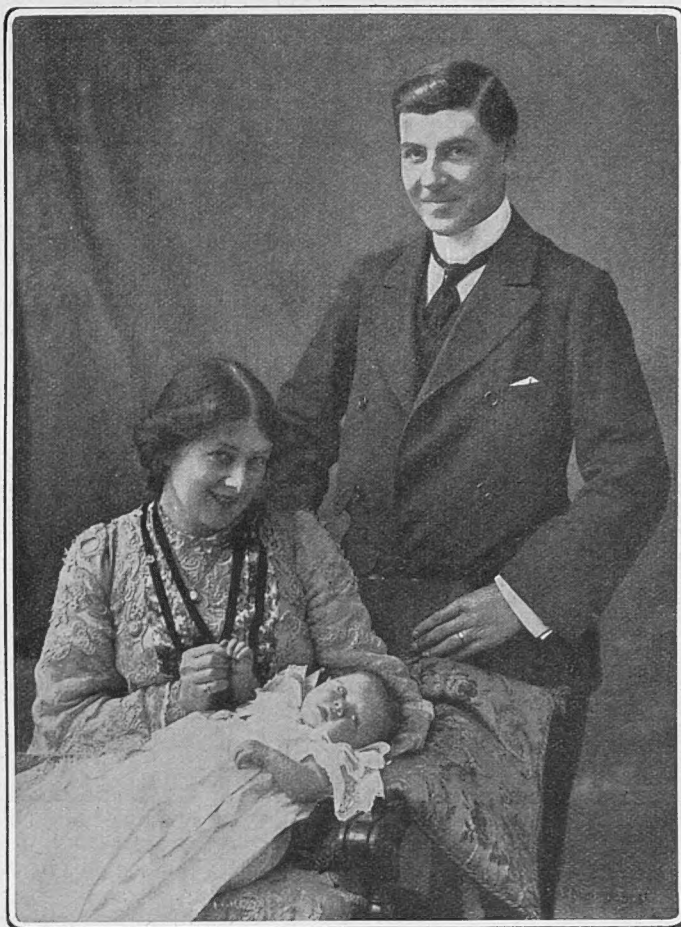
Photograph by Dickinson.

A Romantic Couple.

Mr. Henry S. H. Cavendish, in addition to being the youngest of famous explorers—Abyssinia and the East Coast of Africa hold no secrets for this intrepid young man—was also one of the heroes of the extraordinary Planchette case which occupied the Law Courts so long and which thrilled the readers of the daily Press. His pretty and accomplished wife is still better known under her maiden name of Miss Isabel Jay, and at the time of her marriage she was one of the most popular vocalists in the revival of "Iolanthe" at the Savoy, her chief song, "For we're to be married to-day, to-day," being, as it happened, singularly appropriate on one occasion during the run of the opera. Mr. Cavendish, who is still some way on the sunny side of thirty, possesses many fine trophies of his love of exploration and sport. In the matter of big game, all is fish that comes to his net, and he has been particularly successful both with lions and as hunter of East African game.

Where Dickens was Born.

The little house in Commercial Road, Portsea, where John Dickens, a clerk in the Naval Pay Office, was living when his famous son was born is now to be sold by auction. It is an old-fashioned terrace-house of seven rooms, standing slightly back from the road, and it is suggested that it should be acquired by the local authorities and made into a Dickens Museum. Even as a mere

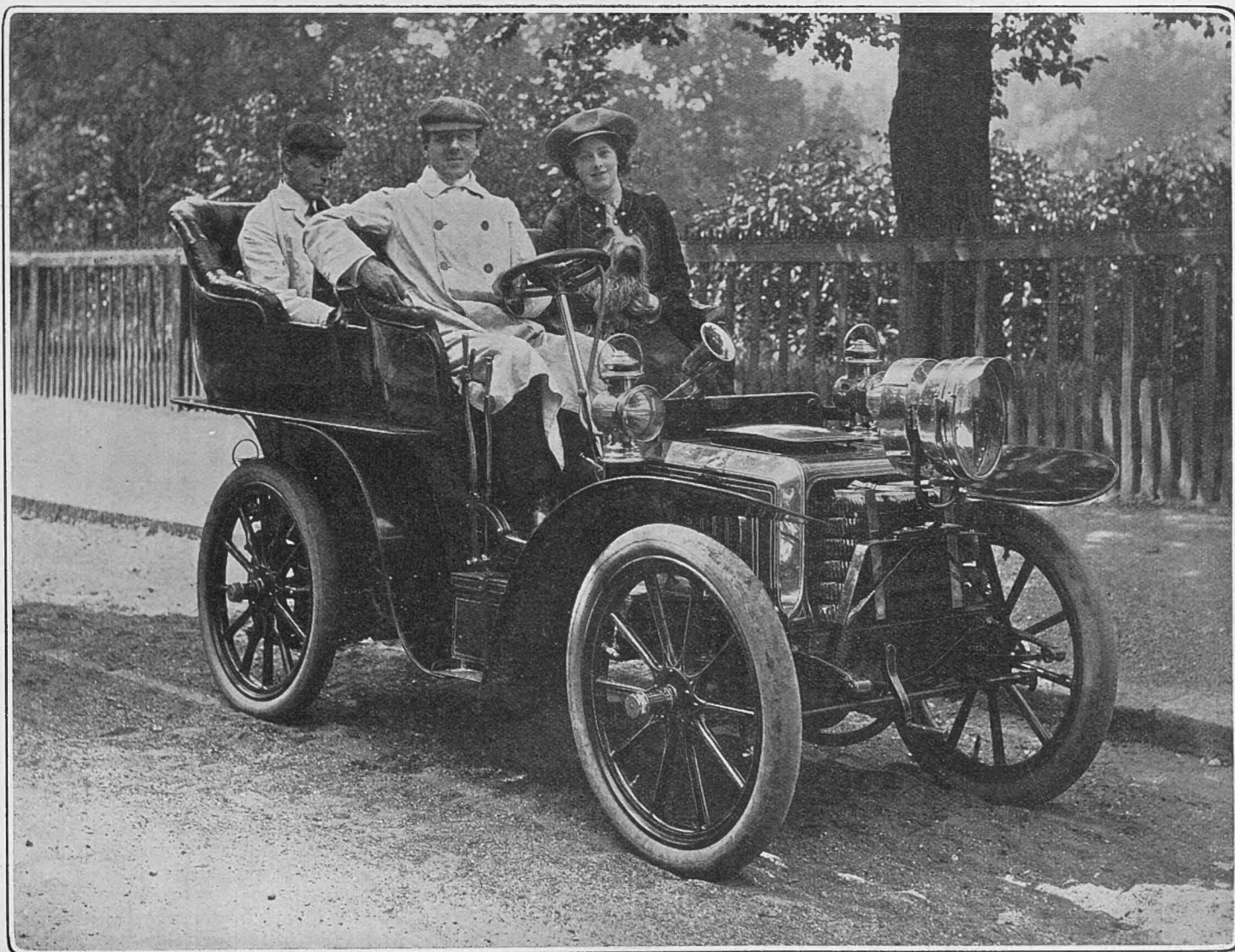


MR. AND MRS. CAVENDISH AND BABY.

commercial speculation this would pay, for the numberless admirers of the great novelist, both here and in America, would gladly pay a trifle to visit the place. The example of Carlyle's house in Chelsea might be followed, but it is to be hoped that the number of visitors will be larger. However, Carlyle is more talked about than read, whereas Dickens is still a greater favourite with the reading public than any other author.

Garibaldi's Famous Flag.

When Menotti Garibaldi, the son of the great patriot, died, the family wished that the flag which the "Thousand" carried when they made their celebrated invasion of the Neapolitan Kingdom should be shown at the funeral. They therefore telegraphed to the Mayor of Marsala, who was supposed to be the guardian of the relic. The Mayor replied that he had not got it, but that it was at Palermo; so the Mayor of Palermo was telegraphed to. He also replied that he had not got it, and said it was in the possession of Signor Antonio Pellegrini, but that its authenticity was very doubtful. General Canzio, one of the survivors of the expedition, says that the flag possessed by Signor Pellegrini is nothing like the real one, which was merely a tricolour of three pieces of cotton nailed to a staff. At the Battle of Catalafimi the standard-bearer was shot and the flag lost. It was said to have been captured by a Neapolitan Sub-Lieutenant, but all traces of it have now disappeared.



MR. AND MRS. HENRY S. H. CAVENDISH (MISS ISABEL JAY) IN THEIR MOTOR-CAR.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Lord Farnham, who has just become engaged to Miss Purdon-Coote, is the head of the Maxwell family. He is one of the most popular and best-looking of younger Irish Peers, and he is among the



MISS A. PURDON-COOTE.



LORD FARNHAM.

WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Photographs by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

keenest sportsmen in Ireland, being particularly noted as a polo-player. He did splendidly in the War, and on his return home to County Cavan, where is situated his beautiful place, he received one of the most enthusiastic welcomes awarded to South African heroes. The future Lady Farnham, who bears the pretty Irish name of Aileen, is the sister of the present owner of Ballyclough Castle, County Cork. She is a daughter of the ancient house of Coote, whose punning motto is *Coûte qui coûte*. Since her début, which occurred some three or four years ago, she has been accounted one of the prettiest of younger Irish beauties.

The "Academy's" Editor.

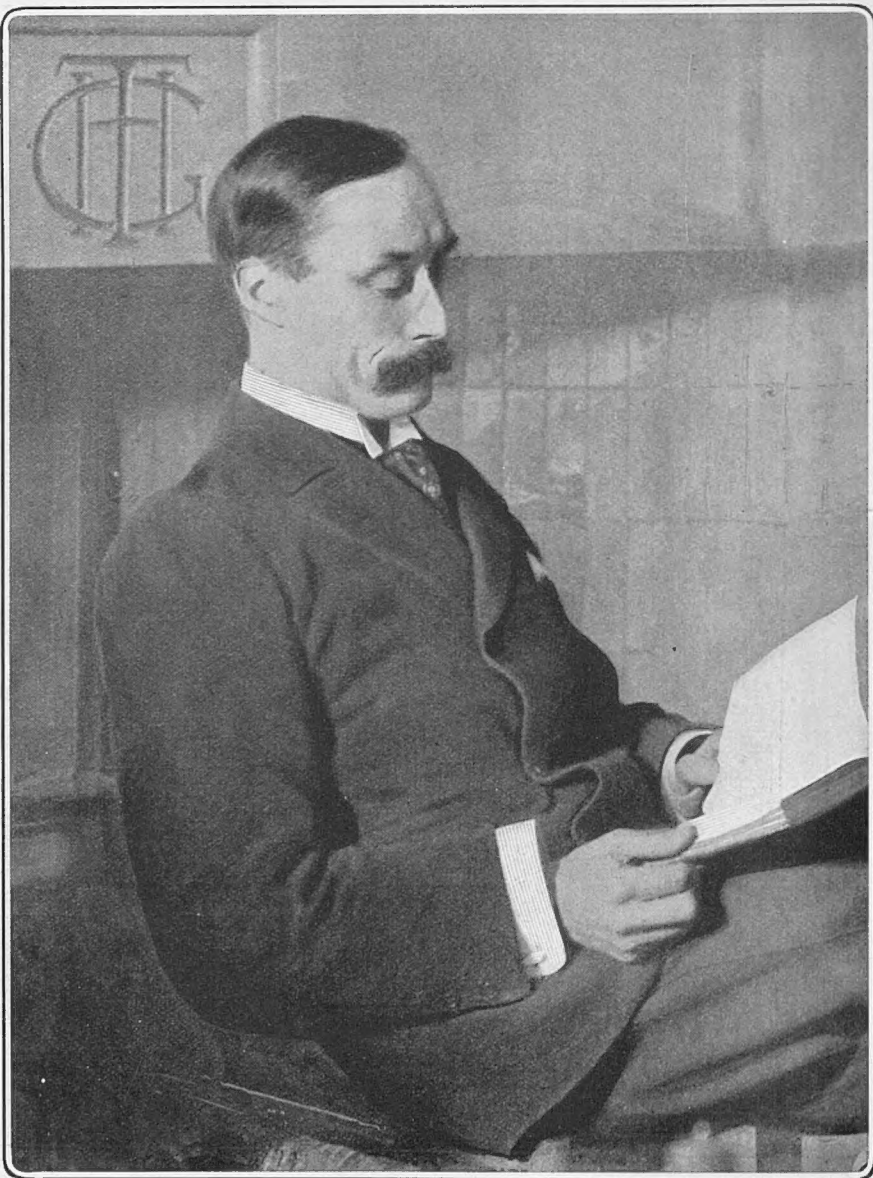
Mr. Lewis Hind, though he is only just over forty, has been a familiar figure in London literary society for some sixteen years. He belonged to the joyous and eccentric band who conducted the literary affairs of the *Pall Mall Gazette* under the able editorship of Mr. Harry Cust, his special department having been the *Pall Mall Budget*, which, founded by Mr. W. T. Stead, must have stared, if a weekly paper can stare, to have found itself in such company as that provided by the present Editor of the *Academy*. Mr. Lewis Hind—for Mr. Hind is one of those men rarely mentioned without the addition of their Christian name to their surname being thrown in as a matter of course—is very unlike the popular ideal of the "literary gent." His tall, well-knit figure is apt at every kind of physical exercise; he is a good horseman, a redoubtable fencer, and some of his acquaintances are aware that he sometimes good-naturedly devotes his scanty leisure to teaching the slum urchin the delights of gymnastic exercises at the Passmore Edwards Settlement. According to many of the bolder spirits who dwell in literary Bohemia, the *Academy* is a shade too precious and too hypercritical to fulfil the rôle it sets itself. Still, alone among those papers which deal only with literature—and, by the way, since the demise of the *Times* supplement, Mr. Hind's journal proudly calls itself the *Academy and Literature*—it has known how to win and how to keep a very distinctive position among those who love reading of books.

Miss Alice Lonnon. Miss Alice Lonnon is a native of San Francisco, California, and has been on the stage about five years. Among those under whose auspices she has appeared have been Madame Modjeska and Mr. Joseph Haworth. For the last three seasons she has been engaged by Mr. Willard in America, sharing during this period leading rôles with Miss Maud Fealy. Her work has been warmly praised by the best-known American and Canadian critics. One of the parts in which she has scored highest has been Lady Marsden in Mr. Willard's production of "All for Her." In "The Cardinal" she is playing Filiberta.

The records of "mistaken identity" have been enriched by a humorous garrison-story from South Germany (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). A Prince of the Blood is at once the victim and hero of the story. He was invited as the chief guest to a dinner given by the regimental Colonel, whose residence, it should be explained, is approached by a pathway darkly overshadowed by overhanging foliage. On arriving somewhat before the appointed time, without escort, His Highness was suddenly arrested by a dainty kitchen-maid, who embraced and kissed him heartily, exclaiming, "Here's threepence and a sausage; I can't come out to-night, as master has company." Having said this the maid hastily disappeared. The Prince gazed with natural astonishment at the silver piece and the comestible, and then, with great presence of mind, retraced his steps to the road, where he soon espied a soldier of his Company kicking his spurred heels in amatorial expectancy. "For whom are you waiting, my son?" asked the Prince, his lips still warm with the kitchen-maid's kisses. "For my girl, Highness!" was the answer. "Where is she in service?" "At the Colonel's, your Highness." "Then I am not mistaken," rejoined the Prince. "Here, my son, is a threepenny-piece and a sausage from your sweetheart, who desires me to say that she cannot go out to-night, as her master has company. But stay a moment, my son," pursued His Highness to the soldier, whose countenance revealed symptoms of panic and flight; "your love also gave me a kiss for you; but you do not expect me, I trust, to return it! No? I thought not. Well, here is five shillings in its stead."

Weather Prophecies. The present year has surpassed all records in the way of eccentricity, but, on the whole, Professor Falb, the Viennese weather-prophet, has been fairly successful in his forecasts. August was about his worst shot, and then he erred only by making it rather dryer than it turned out to be. September, he says, is to be very wet and hot; but as the year dies it will improve. October will begin with rain, but the middle of the month will be dry and the closing days hot. November will be fairly dry, though there will be a good deal of rain about the middle of the month.

Towards the middle of December there will be frost and snow, but we shall have a green Christmas, and the year will end with rain.



MR. C. LEWIS HIND, EDITOR OF THE "ACADEMY."

“THE CARDINAL” AND THE CAMERA:
SOME PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE NEW ST JAMES'S PLAY.



MR. E. S. WILLARD AS THE CARDINAL.
Photograph by Sarony, New York.



MISS ALICE LONNON, NOW PLAYING FILIBERTA, THE HEROINE.
Photograph by Moore.



Claricia di Medici
(Miss Helen Ferrers).

Cardinal Giovanni di Medici
(Mr. E. S. Willard).

Guido Baglioni
(Mr. Charles Fulton).

Andrea Strozzi
(Mr. Herbert Waring).

ACT I.—THE FIRST ENTRANCE OF THE CARDINAL.
Photograph by the Denton and Biograph Companies.

SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

PARIS. The tyrant of Scythia defrayed the small talk of the boulevards for some two months, and, after having been forgotten for ten centuries, became the hero of contemporary Paris, and was celebrated in the papers and on picture post-cards because his tiara, or rather, a forged tiara said to have been his, had been sold to the Louvre. Now, Mesa, King of the Moabites, has taken Saitapharnes' place, and has become, to use the expression which "The Belle of New York" has made popular, the "subject of all the town talk." The famous stela, which a Viennese savant declares to be a mere forgery, was found near Constantinople by M. Clermont Ganneau, who at one time was dragoman at the French Consulate upon the Bosphorus. It is a broken column of black basalt, upon which are graven thirty-four lines in Moabite dialect, in which King Mesa truculently recounts his victories and his intention to suppress the Israelites for evermore. The historic importance of this stela is self-evident; and if it prove to be a forgery a page of the history of the religious strife between Moab and Israel will be lost.

M. Clermont Ganneau declares that he is sure the stela is quite genuine. He has, he says, already replied to one attack made some years since by Professor Loewy in the *Contemporary Review*, and he backs up his own opinion by that of Renan, who was a firm believer in the genuineness of Mesa's stela. But, if it should prove to be forged, Paris will shake with laughter and the old stories of quaint forgeries will be revived again. The Louvre has often been unfortunate in its acquisitions. There was, some years ago, a story of a forged autograph of King Solomon which was quite as amusing as that of the stela.

M. Coquelin has been to Cambo, in the Pyrenees, where he has been discussing with his friend Edmond Rostand the details of a new play from that gifted writer's pen which he intends producing in the winter. The details of the play are not yet public property, but I am told that the success of "Cyrano de Bergerac" may be repeated, and that the leading character in the new piece, which is already far advanced, is Cardinal Wolsey. Coquelin as Wolsey should be interesting, but, perhaps, not quite convincing, to an Englishman at all events. Meanwhile, M. Rostand is busy with another project. He has bought a hill near Cambo, perched in the smiling country over the River Nive, and here he is building himself a writing-house, where he may work alone and unmolested. A lighthouse upon land is what he calls it, and, as he loves solitude, he hopes that there he may do even better work than he has managed to do hitherto.

ROME. The Italians are nothing if not happy and, at the same time, picturesque. Very generally, especially in the country, they are pitifully poor, miserably fed, and but scantily and raggedly clad; still, they always wear the charming, radiant smile which wins the love of all, even of the churlish, sullen Northerner, and, though dressed in mere slender remnants, present an appearance of brightness only to be rivalled in the distant East. The truth of these two facts, which every visitor to Italy will endorse with alacrity, was brought home to me in forcible manner only last week. Fate happened to have directed my steps for the nonce far into the depths of the country, in the midst of the land of the vine and the olives, and the dark-yellow, conc-shaped fruit of the maize-plant; the time was six in the morning, the place the outskirts of a prosperous townlet in the hills. Suddenly my car detected the lowing of a multitude of cattle, and down in a gorge beneath the road along which I was passing there met my gaze a sight which I had never seen or even dreamt of. Over a thousand lovely, glossy, well-groomed oxen, mostly of a grey, creamy colour, with huge, outspreading, dangerous-looking horns, were tethered in lengthy lines to the long rows of gnarled and twisted olive-trees which grew within the gorge. There they stood in the shade, happily stationed under the trees, up one side and down the other of the ravine, and, while I gazed in wonder, still they kept coming incessantly in every direction. An hour later, donkeys and goats and pigs and sheep were driven up to swell the throng and increase, though not melodiously, the pleasant noise. Carts laden with peasant men and women arrived upon the scene; mules and asses crept slowly uphill, bearing packs nearly twice their own size; waggons, drawn by oxen, conveyed to the fair the thousand-and-one necessities in the shape of tents, tables, benches, chairs, and other equally essential paraphernalia.

By eight o'clock the fair was in full swing. Buyers and sellers haggled over their bargains, women bustled busily about, girls and young men chatted and worked and laughed; the whole place, which three or four hours before had been a restful, tranquil mountain-glen, had become as if by magic a noisy but pretty centre of bargain-drivers and spectators. When a bargain was struck, the two contracting parties clasped right hand in right hand, hailed as witness a mutual friend or acquaintance, who placed his right hand over theirs; then they literally "pump-handled" for fully two minutes, with a pause of about five or ten seconds between each jerk. This was the process which formally sealed the bargain. The sale continued for just five hours. By mid-day not a creature was left.



ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY: A STUDY BY W. AND D. DOWNEY.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

MY morning paper is not read very carefully in these days. Fellow travellers just returned from their holidays are discussing their experiences, and I listen with considerable interest. One fact stands out very clearly from the conversations round me: the popularity of the Continent is increasing by leaps and bounds. The British seaside place, with its moderate accommodation, immoderate charges, bad management, and short season, tends to go from bad to worse, and, as the number of visitors decreases, the residents raise their charges. Brittany, Normandy, and the coast of Belgium provide amusement, good sea-bathing, comfortable hotels, and complete change to thousands of Britons who never crossed the Channel ten years ago. Paterfamilias was saying this morning that he took his wife and seven children to the French coast for five weeks at less cost than he had to face for a three weeks' holiday in England last summer. "And we found better cooking, better music, and a better house," he added. Really, the people responsible for the growing unpopularity of the English watering-places should consider their position seriously. A few good cooks in some inexpensive hotels, some first-class music, together with a few well-organised dances and entertainments, would turn many a dull seaside place at home into a possible holiday resort for intelligent people. At least, my fellow passengers think so, and I cannot help agreeing with them.

I lent my paper to the passenger who just caught the train but lost the news-boy, and in exchange he passed me a well-handled copy of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Therein I read a note by "Sylvanus Urban" protesting against the presentation of scenes from the bull-ring on the cinematograph.

The worthy writer is alarmed without good cause. Such representations as the camera can give are too disjointed to have any value as a record of the *corrida de toros*, and are surely too small and vague to do any harm by exciting interest in the unmanly sport. Every visitor to a bull-fight knows that half of the arena is in shade and the other half is exposed to the blazing sun. Consequently, the ever-shifting bull can only serve the camera in one-half of the arena, and, as he makes it his business to rush from place to place, the animated pictures of a fight are made up of records of as many as a dozen moments slung together with little care or knowledge of the sequence in which the fight develops. Moreover, the strong light and

strong colour that go to make so much of the arena's attractiveness are lacking from the animated picture. I think the colour makes the chief appeal to the audience, for the bloodless contests of Portugal are as well patronised as the horrible combats that disgrace Spain.

East Africa may solve the Jewish problem in Russia and Roumania, even if it does not satisfy the ardent Zionists who, never having seen Jerusalem, wish to live there. The Zionist Congress at Basle has been made noteworthy by the honesty of Dr. Herzl, who has not hesitated to say that the dream of the return to Palestine must be set aside, if only for a time. Political considerations make it impossible for the Sultan of Turkey to give the Jews anything approaching a free hand in Palestine; nor is this to be wondered at when we consider how Greek Church, Roman Church, and Islam are interested antagonists in Jerusalem. East Africa may serve to relieve the pressure of the Poles of Settlement and Ghettos, and in its vast unpeopled areas the rulers can learn to govern and the people to obey. While the Jews are learning how to use their new-found freedom to best advantage, the Khalif of All Islam can fulfil his destiny, and in good time Germany will raise the question of succession to Asia Minor and it will be settled in the old familiar fashion.

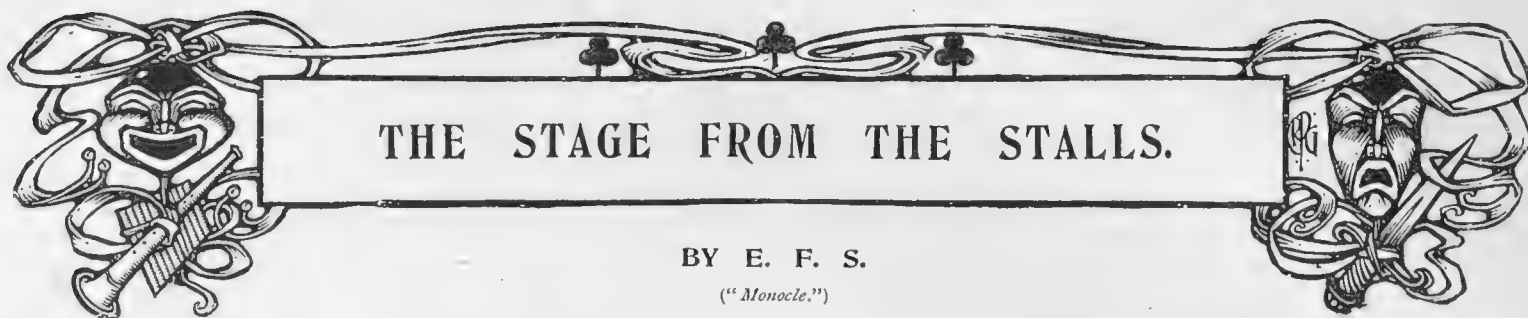
In these days of fiscal problems and discussions about our food-supply, it is interesting to read that certain medical experts are attributing the spread of cancer to the use of cheap food by which we set so much store. White bread made with common German yeast and bacon made of cheap pig packed in the States are said to have a great deal to do with the increase of

the cruel disease that baffles medicine. The pig is at best a dirty beast, and rumour coming across the Atlantic declares from time to time that many of the pigs destined to serve the English market are reared in most objectionable surroundings and fed on refuse. We have no possible guarantee of the quality of any of the food sent over from abroad; it is made to sell and not to be inspected. We take the trouble to examine live meat that reaches these shores, but dismiss all the rest with a mere *caveat emptor*. Of course, food may have nothing to do with cancer; but until we know with some approach to certainty if it has or not, a large measure of care cannot be out of place.



"ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS."

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"THE CARDINAL" AND "BILLY'S LITTLE LOVE AFFAIR."

IT seems conceivable that Mr. L. N. Parker is having a little game with the critics in choosing Giovanni de' Medici as chief figure of his play, "The Cardinal." Possibly he was curious to see how many would recognise in his hero the famous Pope Léo X., but perhaps he was hardly so cruel as that; he was, rather, actuated by the idea that, in taking a well-known historical figure and falsifying the facts, he would drag us off the plain path of criticism into a sort of by-road of objections on the score of historical inaccuracies. As a rule, when the chief figure of a play is a historical person, he is chosen because it is thought that the public interest in him will serve as a kind of draw; or else for the reason that some leading actor wishes to see himself as Wellington, Napoleon, Nelson, and the like, though the vision, alas, generally is but "make-up" deep. Neither of these grounds will serve in the case of Giovanni, the interest in whom is not likely to draw a five-pound note to the theatre nor to flatter the vanity of the actor. So there seems no reason, and, I think I may add, no excuse, for presenting the son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and presenting him in a somewhat odious light.

The position of a man burdened with a secret the revelation of which would be of great service to him, and under an obligation of religion or honour not to reveal it, has long been a favourite with writers of fiction, and, no doubt, will do valuable service in the future as well as the past. To a man in such a case there are three courses open—he may keep the secret, he may divulge it, or he may juggle with it. The last is the course adopted by the Cardinal, and with a woeful lack of dignity. The life of his beloved brother would be saved if the Cardinal were to disclose the murderer's confession, but to disclose it would be a horrible crime. The position when the murderer refuses, save on disgraceful terms, to release the Cardinal from his obligation of secrecy, and declines to save the man doomed to suffer for his crime, is exceedingly interesting, and up to this point in his play Mr. Parker had done his work admirably. Now, at first sight, this point presents a deadlock, a situation almost as unsolvable as the one at which, in burlesque despair, Mark Twain brought a farcical novel to a close; and when the Cardinal, with vehement curses, drove out Andrea Strozzi, the murderer, a few hours before the time fixed for the execution of the Churchman's innocent brother, we were filled with intense curiosity. Indeed, one could see no way out save by that kind of imitation of Alexander's petty trifling with the Gordian knot which is one of the banes of the theatre. Mr. Parker might have worked out his piece with dignity and power by a development of the character of Strozzi, with the result, however, that the leading part would have changed hands; as it is, he employs a deplorably weak device which drops his play to a very humble point. He calls in the Cardinal to juggle. It is quite clear that the confessor has no right to use the confessional secret directly or indirectly; it is his duty to act as if he did not know the secret—a duty which, indeed, Giovanni himself proclaims—yet he uses his knowledge in order to lay a trap of a comically transparent character, and Strozzi makes an unguarded confession under circumstances in which he would have held his tongue. Perhaps it does not matter, possibly it is quixotic even to growl at this insult to the memory of Léo X., certainly Mr. Parker is only adopting the unconscientious method sanctioned by public support; but it is regrettable that he has not taken his work more seriously, and has presented the Cardinal as a sham lunatic and real trickster. It may be that in this I am unconsciously expressing the view of those not very numerous first-nighters who "booed" the author, though I do not pretend to have any sympathy with them, for booing is rarely a kind of punishment that fits the crime—if, indeed, it be a crime—of writing below your own standard.

There is in "The Cardinal," as in all the work of Mr. Parker, a great deal that is meritorious and charming. Indeed, for a long time the play is an agreeably polished drama in excellent style and very interesting. There seems, perhaps, a lack of what one might call sixteenth-century Roman atmosphere, if, in fact, the general concept of such atmosphere be correct; and it appears a little rash to insist so much on the grandeur of the de Medicis, whose name becomes rather fatiguing. It is a long time since we have had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Willard on the stage, a fact that we all regret, and though he did not succeed in reaching the full note of power in two or three passages, and at times was too lavish in play of face, he presented a dignified, impressive figure, with an agreeable suggestion of kindness and humour. His display of feigned madness was, I think, in the wrong convention, and overdone with smiles and grins; but, perhaps, it involved a subtle suggestion that Giovanni himself was

not a very good actor. Mr. Volpé gave a very clever piece of acting, and there was a pleasant touch of humour in the work of Mr. Cane as an English bishop. Mr. Charles Fulton is quite the right actor for the part of the firm but not inhuman Governor. Mr. Herbert Waring could do nothing new with the quite commonplace melodrama-villain character of Strozzi. Of the ladies one cannot write enthusiastically. The piece is beautifully mounted, and quite remarkable taste in blending colours has been shown, particularly in the second scene, though the flaming red—doubtless true, conceivably symbolical—of the Cardinal's costume gave a rather jarring note.

Some of the papers have worked up a sort of indignation concerning the subject of "Billy's Little Love Affair," which, I fancy, will hardly be shared by the public; for, in a general way, it is only the professional critics who look below the surface, and this perhaps supererogatory work on their part generally is fruitless. Indeed, in eight cases out of ten there is nothing below the surface, and it is a pity the ninth is not like the eight. Below the surface of Mr. Esmond's play is the ugliness of the idea of the collection of people seriously dealing with the question whether a young lady, presumably of decent social position, did or did not live openly as the mistress of her cousin before his marriage. In handling such a theme, if he had touched it, Mr. Arthur Jones would probably have given us a Billy concerning whom such a slander would not have been patently ridiculous; but Mr. Esmond has drawn what one might almost call an Esmond girl, who is not quite the creamy English girl of Mr. Pinero, but a cream-and-vinegary kind of saucy coquette, and her guilt on such a charge nobody would believe for a second. It is, indeed, the misfortune of the play, from a purely stage point of view, that the case against Billy never looks black enough. Probably the author's intention is that the whole matter should seem a storm in a thimble, but the result is that the play stands still at some important moments, partly because several of the Company were puzzled by the style of the piece and uncertain whether it ought to be rattled off as a farce or treated as a comedy. However, it was clear that most of the audience enjoyed the piece. The chief laughter was earned by secondary characters such as Jim Greaves, the parasite husband of a rich, elderly, jealous woman. Jim is cleverly drawn and Mr. Sam Sothorn played the part with quite remarkable skill and unforced humour, and Miss Florence St. John as Mrs. Greaves was curiously unstage-like but effective in her presentation of the good-natured, excitable woman. Several minor characters were introduced with poor effect, such as a lady journalist—a weak copy of the lady journalist in several other plays, and unlike any of the many I have met. Mr. Esmond seems to have tried to get together such a collection of scandal-mongering women as the author of "Whitewashing Julia" is very successful in contriving and manœuvring.

Billy is drawn in a masterly way and played brilliantly by Miss Eva Moore. Personally, I do not love the type observed and depicted so skilfully by Mr. Esmond, but in this respect he has contributed notably to drama. It is the kind of girl who has a sort of *beauté du diable* of character as well as countenance which disappears long before middle-age. In some foreign countries where women age young, men marry for beauty with the knowledge that the wife will be a ghastly wreck before she is thirty; in a sense, Balzac's curious phrase, "*la beauté passe mais la laideur reste*," applies. In England many marriages are made with girls the ephemeral character of whose charms of all kinds is obvious, and in speaking of this I am far from putting forward the physical as the chief aspect. One character of the play is quite bewildering—that is, Lady Duncan. Miss Granville, though she acted cleverly, is ineffective. She is a complete mystery. We know that she lived with Jim Greaves in his flat, and on strictly improper terms: there seems to have been no concealment about the affair, and yet she is received in the sort of society in which the play passes, and one is invited to assume that this society consists of ladies and gentlemen, though the assumption is rather difficult. She ultimately gets married to a kind of fatuous millionaire, after, without obvious motive, making disgraceful efforts to ruin the character of Billy. Whether, however, Lady Duncan is a professional "wrong 'un," or a kind of aristocratic amateur in vice, remains obscure; but I think that there is no doubt about the fact that in permitting Mr. Munkettrick to marry her in ignorance of her utter villainess and in making a blackmailing bargain with her to extort a confession, Mr. Jack Frere, who is going to be a Baronet with £10,000 a-year, and Sir Harry Harmon, who was "a barrister till his aunt's money made a man of him," acted contemptibly.



MISS ENGLEHEART, A PRETTY "GIRL FROM KAY'S"

Photograph by Miss Lizzie Caswall Smith.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

XXXI.—DRUMMOND CASTLE.

LORD AND LADY ANCASTER are indeed fortunate in their three splendid country homes—Grimsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, Drummond Castle, in Perthshire, and Normanton Park, near Stamford. Drummond Castle may be regarded as their principal seat, and it is there that they have most often entertained both the late and the present Sovereign, as well as the Prince and Princess of Wales. This splendid old Scottish ducal palace is, from a picturesque point of view, the most finely situated mansion in Perthshire, for, although within only a short distance of unromantic Crieff, the windows command exquisite views of hill and dale, and the flower-gardens of Drummond Castle are considered among the finest in the kingdom, while Glenartney, the mountain owned by Lord Ancaster, is also supposed to bear on its flanks the best deer-forest in that part of Scotland.

Drummond Castle has an exceptionally noble approach, consisting of a steep, uphill avenue of beech-trees, and the hanging woods, which are a feature of the park, are intersected by rushing trout-streams. Few pieces of water in the world have attached to them so strange a history as has the lake of Drummond Castle. Entirely artificial, this piece of water was designed by the Duke of Perth, in the year following the bloody '45, in order to hide from his sight and from that of his descendants the splendid stables which had been desecrated by the presence of the Hanoverian cavalry during the Jacobite rising, and it is said that in certain conditions of the atmosphere the old buildings may be seen lying far beneath the waters, in whose clear depths the far-famed Drummond Castle trout now disport themselves. Queen Victoria, who was devoted to the Stuarts and also much interested in their gallant and unfortunate supporters, was so greatly interested by this curious story that she made a point of spending some time at the edge of the lake on each day of her stay at Drummond Castle.

Queen Victoria described the suite of rooms which was prepared for her and Prince Albert in 1842 as "small, but nice." There are, however, a series of very fine State apartments, containing a collection of most interesting and valuable portraits of Scottish Kings, also a remarkable painting of hapless Mary Queen of Scots. The demesne belonged for hundreds of years to the Earls of Perth, and it passed into the ownership of the Willoughby family by the marriage of the last heiress of the Drummonds of Stobhall and Perth, to Peter, Lord Gwydyr. This important addition to the family fortunes of the Willoughbys took place about a hundred years ago, and they have made many additions to the property, while keeping up with pious care the characteristic features of the Scottish stronghold, which includes a remarkable armoury, where, among other relics connected

with old Scottish history, are preserved several weapons—notably a double-hilted sword—which, undoubtedly, were used in the Battle of Bannockburn.

The beautiful and uncommon flower-gardens which always arouse Queen Alexandra's special admiration were the creation of the first Earl of Perth. They stretch beneath the Castle walls and would seem to have been bodily transported from some smiling reach of fair French country, for they recall to quite an extraordinary degree the formal pleasaunces of Versailles and Fontainebleau, being all laid

out in terraces which have about them much fine statuary. In these famous parterres Lady Ancaster each autumn gives a series of parties which are much enjoyed by her neighbours and friends; that which would have taken place last week was postponed on account of Lord Salisbury's demise.

Glenartney has been called the "Sportsman's Paradise," and there, on the sixteen thousand acres, which are divided into ten separate beats, both the keen shot and the keener deer-stalker can enjoy the best of good sport, while, in addition, the disciples of Izaak Walton can spend their time to good advantage, for the Ruchill is famed for its trout-fishing. Glenartney is separated by a long drive from Drummond Castle, but that is not considered any disadvantage by Lord Ancaster's guests, the less so that he built there many years ago an excellent lodge, at which both the King, as Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Cambridge have stayed in days past. It was at Glenartney that Prince Albert enjoyed his first sight of Highland sport and stalked his first stag, and in Queen Victoria's Diary is an account of the incident.

Lord Ancaster has had to change his name and his mode of signature more frequently than has

any other Peer. He started life as Mr. Gilbert Heathcote; then he became second Baron Aveland; on the death of his mother, he succeeded her as Lord Willoughby de Eresby; and just over ten years ago he was given his Earldom, which some people think will, in time, be exchanged for a Dukedom. To the second of his titles he owes his position as Joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England; as such he played a prominent part in the Coronation ceremony. He is connected with many of the noblest families in the kingdom.

Lady Ancaster is a sister of Lord Huntly and of Lady Lonsdale; that is, she was born one of the "gay Gordons." She ranks among the leading hostesses who devote much time and thought to the Primrose League and she has also been a loyal friend to the "S.P.C." The late Queen held her in high esteem, and took marked interest in her ten children, of whom four are sons and six daughters.



THE AVENUE OF BEECH-TREES WHICH FORMS THE APPROACH TO DRUMMOND CASTLE.

Photograph by Wilson, Aberdeen.

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.



DRUMMOND CASTLE, LORD ANCASTER'S PERTHSHIRE SEAT.



THE GARDENS.

Photographs by Wilson, Aberdeen.

MR. CUTCLIFFE HYNE:

THE CREATOR OF THE GREAT LITTLE CAPTAIN KETTLE.

TO have created one of the two characters in modern fiction which have obtained an enduring hold of the public mind is a distinction of which Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne may well be proud, for Kettle is known wherever the English language is spoken. Like Sherlock Holmes, too, he has had his incarnation, for no reader of *The Sketch* needs reminding that he was made the central figure of a play produced last season at the Adelphi, and is now careering successfully round the provincial theatres, as he has also appeared in sketches, and, under a very thin disguise, he had a long lease of life in a musical play at the Gaiety.

It is inevitable, therefore, that the name of Cutcliffe Hyne should always bring up thoughts of Kettle, whose physical attributes, by the way, are quite the opposite of those of his creator. Kettle's lack of stature was probably the first thing which struck the observer, as does Mr. Hyne's height, for he is nearly six-feet-four, while, having rowed in his College Eight when he was at Cambridge and being devoted to an outdoor life, there is no suggestion of "weediness" about him.

Unlike so many writers who started to do something else and drifted into literature, Mr. Hyne determined to be a writer from the days when he was at school. He also resolved to become a writer of stories of adventure and travel, for he noticed that, as a rule, they were by no means well done. For this reason he began travelling himself and making his journeyings supply him with the necessary local colour. Even Kettle has been no exception to this rule, for some of his later adventures were based on his author's observations in certain portions of Africa. Like Mr. Gilbert's famous Mariner, who was at once "the Cook and the Capt'n bold, and the Mate of the *Nancy* Brig, and a Bo'sun tight and a Midshipmite, and the Crew of the Captain's gig," Kettle has been described by Mr. Hyne as "a skipper, a second mate, and a second engineer all rolled into one." If Mr. Hyne is his father, Mr. Alfred Harmsworth may, not without accuracy, be described as his godfather. One day, Mr. Hyne took a volume of manuscript to Mr. Harmsworth, with a view to its being published in one of the popular periodicals of that house. After he had read it, he said to Mr. Hyne, "I don't care about your hero, but that little Captain fellow seems to me very new and fresh, and if you were to develop him and make him the central figure of some stories you ought to do well with him." Mr. Hyne thought the matter over, decided to follow the suggestion, and the evolution of Captain Kettle began.

As to whether the original Kettle was one man, as has been stated, or a compound of half-a-dozen "single gentlemen rolled into one," as has also been stated, possibly even Mr. Hyne himself would be puzzled to declare, for, like every other human being who uses his brains and is not content merely to vegetate, Kettle has developed as he has gone on. The original sketch, however, was made from the Captain of a tramp steamer with whom Mr. Hyne once travelled. As he could not take passengers, Mr. Hyne went as surgeon, at a salary of a shilling for the voyage, a sum which he has never received. During the voyage the surgeon and skipper became good friends. One day, as Mr. Hyne once confided to an interviewer, they were sitting reading and chatting, when, to quote his own words, "all of a sudden the air was filled with the most appalling stench, and, raising my head to see what it was, I discovered that the whole crew had come aft with the mess-kid. 'Meat stinks, sir,' said their spokesmen. Kettle

couldn't do anything else but admit it. 'But you don't expect me to turn back and get fresh meat for you?' He wound himself up by a violent effort into a towering passion. 'There's no satisfying some people!' he roared. 'If I gave you the liver-wing of a baked angel, you'd find fault with the — stuffing!'; and then, little man though he was, he rushed at the lot of them, and they fled precipitately." In spite of the fact that paragraphs have been going about the world for some time as to the identity of the original Kettle, he is himself quite unaware of having been the model. Proof of this is afforded by the fact that, on one occasion, when a salvage story in which Kettle appeared was published, the original Kettle wrote to Mr. Hyne, "Kettle ought to have got the salvage of that; I know I should."

Though Mr. Hyne's work has been dominated by Kettle, McTodd, and the T. Thompson of "Thompson's Progress," he has managed

to produce a good many books in the last ten or twelve years. Success, however, did not come to him at a rush, for he worked hard for six years, writing continuously, before he was able to make fifty pounds a-year by his pen. With his pen he literally makes his money, for he writes everything with his own hand and never dictates, as so many other authors do, for, as he says, "dictating plays the deuce with one's style." Happily, neither time nor place makes any difference to him, and with a pad and pencil he can work as well in a train as he can in his own study at home. Home with him is Bradford, when he is not at his house at Kettlewell, in Upper Wharfedale, or on one of the ten-thousand-mile jaunts which he makes a point of taking every year. London is, in his estimation, a very good place to pass through, but not to live in. At Kettlewell he can go back in imagination to the seventeenth century, for on the centre gable of the house is the date "1681." Within five minutes' walk of his door he can enjoy trout-fishing in his own stream, for he is a skilful caster of the fly, while in a quarter of an hour he can be on his moors, grouse-shooting. Big-game shooting, however, is something he prefers, and his idea of the greatest pleasure on earth is buffalo-hunting in grass twelve feet high. Among its other requisites are a quick eye and a cool nerve. The sportsman

who goes in for it is carried through the grass by a couple of natives, who can tell the approach of the animal long before an unskilled individual is aware of its presence. As soon as the animal heads their way, they drop the huntsman and run for their lives. The sportsman waits with his rifle and gets his first view of the buffalo when it is only twenty yards or so away, and he must shoot to kill or take his chance of a rapid exit to eternity.

When he is travelling in the ordinary way, Mr. Hyne, unlike Kettle, does not carry a revolver. Last year, when he was in Casadir, a man came behind him and, putting a rifle under his arm, fired. Whether it was with the intention of killing him, Mr. Hyne has never been able to ascertain. His coat, however, was burnt, and the man immediately in front of him fell.

Mr. Hyne at once collared the fellow, took him back to camp, and held an inquiry. It was only the wounded man's assertion that there was no quarrel between them, and that he believed it was merely an accident, which prevented the handing over of the shooter to the authorities. On his chin, too, Mr. Hyne bears a scar made by the sharp knife of a native in Majorca, who tried to rob if not to murder him.



MR. CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

LVII.—MR. CUTCLIFFE HYNE.



"WELCOME TO 'KETTLEWELL.' THAT IS THE PRESENT NAME OF MY HOUSE——"



"——ALTHOUGH, AS YOU SEE, IT IS RATHER OLDER THAN CAPTAIN KETTLE."



"HOW DO I WORK? WELL, SOMETIMES LIKE THIS."



"AT OTHER TIMES, LIKE THIS. MASTER GODFREY IS SECOND GARDENER."



"THEN, TOO, I AM PASSIONATELY FOND OF PAINTING."



"AS FOR FOOD, I CATCH MY OWN BREAKFAST——"



"——AND SHOOT MY OWN DINNER."



"LIKE THAT."



"THERE, IN A NUTSHELL, YOU HAVE THE LIFE AND HABITS OF THE HUMBLE AUTHOR."



V.—IN THE WET.

"A SAFT nicht," said the man in the porch as I hurried to my room.

"Aye, aye, mon," I replied in my best Scotch, "it's gey saft the nicht."

He meant that it was wet; I replied it was very wet, and meant—well, something unprintable.

Now I am enjoying the late August night in front of a roaring fire, all the clothes I wore being before a fire in some other quarter



IN THE RAIN BEHIND THE BUTTS.

of the old house. Bootmaker, tailor, and the rest have deceived me; there is nothing in the way of water-proof that will endure ten hours' rain in Scotland.

The trouble began with the brief note that reached me last night. "We shall shoot High Moor to-morrow," it said, "meeting at plantation at nine o'clock. Shall we drive you over?" I replied with briefer note to effect that I would be there, but would not drive. The keeper had told me it was "no far," and that you reached it by the edge of the lower moors and the side of the river.

This morning I started out at half-past seven; the sun had shown no sign of its existence and a light rain was falling steadily, had been doing so all night, to judge by the roads. I strode on, rather proud of myself. For others, there might be sloth and luxurious ease. I preferred to shun delights and live laborious days—for the first half-hour, at least. Once on the moor, the full force of last night's rain became apparent. It was necessary to step from one dry spot to the next one—and they were often far apart—to avoid moss-hags and soft peat and water-holes, that covered the ground like plums and currants in a Christmas-pudding. Laden with a water-proof, a heavy gun, and a big cartridge-bag, I was only moderately successful. Several times I went in up to the knee, and my pace was about two miles an hour, all told. There was not a soul in sight. I heard nothing more than the melancholy cry of a whaup and the ceaseless plaint of the green plover. I saw nothing but the clouds and the rain above, and the soddened moor stretching for miles around me. I would not take the walk again for the weight in gold of all the peat I stumbled into.

When I arrived at the edge of High Moor, I found the other guns, fresh as paint, sheltered in a barn and preparing to give me up. So soon as I had explained, my host told me I had chosen the wrong side of the moor; had I come the other way, I should have found good going, for a small part of the lower moor is kept undrained, and that was the part I had chosen. I agreed that it was a funny mistake to have made, and laughed too. It seemed better to laugh than to shiver.

Then we drew for butts, and, my luck being out, I picked

number six, and had another five hundred yards to travel, to find the seat impossibly wet, and the butt itself cut so low that it would be well-nigh impossible to see the birds until they were over it unless I stood up. However, the rain was lessening and a strong wind was beginning to dry my clothes, so I hoped for the best.

Twenty minutes passed before the first faint cry of "Mark, mark!" came down the wind, and then the guns to the far right became busy. The wind tended to drive the birds that way, and one great unbroken covey that seemed bound to pass to the left of me swerved right round to my neighbour's butt and lost a brace in consequence. Another covey settled down fifty or sixty yards in front of me, but I could not keep watching them, for the beaters were approaching and the birds were safe to run.

More birds for my neighbour, who dropped them from thirty to forty yards in front of his butt in manner that made me envious; nothing for me, until two beaters appeared suddenly from a little depression away on my left and flushed two coveys that joined a third lying in front of me. From a score to thirty birds came over my butt in a flash, travelling like Marconigrams. One came down in front of the butts, another towered a long way behind me. I missed another with two barrels. Nothing more happened except that my neighbour had two more single birds right across his line of firing and a fine hare. The beaters had drawn to the right to pick up the birds; I went to fetch the solitary one in front of me, leaving my gun. I went straight to the spot where it had fallen, and as I approached it gave a defiant "Kok-kok!" and flew off as if unhurt. The dogs failed to find the towered bird, and the keeper remarked acidly that he heard some fine coveys had been over the last butt.

The second drive was marked by a squall of rain that pattered down on my glasses at the critical moment and left me helpless. Needless to add that the birds found my neighbourhood on this occasion, or that the keeper handled his book at the end of the drive as though he were searching for previous convictions against me. By the time the third drive was made the wind was blowing half a gale;



IN FRONT OF A BLAZING FIRE.

the birds beat me altogether. Then we took shelter and lunch, returning to the wet for a final drive, in which all the grouse went down over the lower butts and I did not draw trigger.

So to-night I find myself in front of a blazing fire, wondering why folks visit Scotland, and why, when there, they go shooting.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

THE MUSHROOM-GATHERER.

*When I was seeking mushrooms through fields all grey with dew,
I came upon the fairies, and I met before I knew
The glances of their merry eyes, and heard the song they sing
As in they went and out they went along the fairy ring.*

*I dropped my empty basket, but I did not run away:
Their faces were too fair to fear, their voices were too gay.
They laughed and I laughed back at them; my feet their dancing drew,
And I was hand-in-hand with them, and I was singing too.*

*They sang an old and ancient song, such as our mothers croon
Above us in our cradles ere we know sun from moon.
Their song and dance I followed, would I could both forget;
But lips of me and feet of me they keep the measure yet.*

*I meet no more the fairies, for old I am and grey,
And they've no love for autumn, no thought for yesterday.
Their spell they put on other maids, and younger maids than I,
Who go a-gathering mushrooms before the dew is dry.*

NORA CHESON.



"I MEET NO MORE THE FAIRIES, FOR OLD I AM AND GREY."

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE "Personalia" in *Blackwood* are this month particularly interesting. I doubt the propriety of reproducing conversations with living men. Such ought not to be published without consent given. But there is real value in the account of that extraordinary character, C. A. Howell, who was at one time the secretary and factotum of Mr. Ruskin. The shadow of Howell is over all the Pre-Raphaelite books, though even in W. B. Scott's frank autobiography he is treated with considerable reserve. He is also one of the characters in Mr. Watts-Dunton's "Aylwin," but Mr. Watts-Dunton does not venture on a full picture. The *Blackwood* writer tells us much that is new. Howell was an Anglo-Portuguese, a Bohemian of boundless self-confidence and quite untroubled by scruples. He did much business for the Pre-Raphaelite group, and did not hesitate to sell forged drawings of Rossetti and others. It seems, however, that he managed to die with the very respectable savings of over four thousand pounds. Howell had a great deal more to do with the intimate and private life of Ruskin, Rossetti, and others, than has yet been told in print.

"Sigma" is wrong, of course, when he says that only one poem of Rossetti's saw the light in the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, but he is, no doubt, right when he reports Mr. Swinburne as saying that Christina Rossetti's "Passing away, saith the world, passing away," is "one of the finest things ever written." Mr. Swinburne has said as much in print. But how does "Sigma" describe that lovely poem as a "paraphrase of a portion of Solomon's Song"? He has evidently never read either the Song of Solomon or the poem. He reports a somewhat virulent saying of the usually mild-mannered Burne-Jones. At a dinner-party there was talk of Du Maurier's campaign against Oscar Wilde and the *Æsthetes*. Burne-Jones hissed out: "You may say what you like, but there is more wit in Wilde's little finger than in the whole of Du Maurier's wretched little body." Of Rossetti he says: "With his sombre, olive-shaded face, his sad, reverie-haunted eyes, his dark, unordered attire, and his indefinable distinction of manner (in spite of an almost stunted stature), he suggested some figure from the pages of Petrarch or Ariosto."

Miss Gilder, the Editor of the New York *Critic*, has been visiting London, and has written some lively impressions for her paper. She says of Henley that, "like the late Robert Buchanan, he just missed achieving his rightful place in English letters, and the reason, as in the case of Buchanan, seems to have been temperamental." Both men were highly gifted, writing verse or prose with equal force and facility, yet each had a streak in him which, for want of a better name, may be termed cross-grained." There was one very great difference

between Buchanan and Henley, a difference much in favour of the latter. Buchanan practically wrote his literary reputation away. If he had been content with publishing nothing but his best, if he had even been content with putting his name to nothing that he did not write, he would have stood far higher than he does to-day. On the other hand, Henley was remarkably scrupulous. He put nothing out in book-form which was below his mark. The temperance he showed in this respect was most praiseworthy. A busy journalist, writing sometimes four articles in a week, he might easily have put his name on the title-page of many volumes. What we have in book-form is the best that he could give us.

Mr. S. S. McClure, who returns to America this month, is going to devote his energies to editing *McClure's Magazine*. He says that *McClure's* has never really had an Editor, that every one of the staff has edited it, and not any one in particular. In any case, the result has been uncommonly good. But I have no doubt that the energetic founder, whose health is

now fully restored, will put more of his eager and vivid personality into the periodical.

"London in the Time of the Stuarts" is to be the second instalment of Sir Walter Besant's great work on London, the first volume of which, "London in the Eighteenth Century," has been already published. The newer book deals with London in the stirring times of the Revolution, when the city rebelled against Charles I., and a whole section is devoted to the Great Plague and the Fire. There is also a social history of manners and customs

O. O.



STUDIES OF CHILDREN: BY TOM BROWNE.
IV.—"ABUSE." (A MOORISH BOY.)

FOUR NEW BOOKS.

"ALARUMS AND
EXCURSIONS."BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.
(Methuen. 6s.)

Were it the unvarying custom to bind books in strict accordance with their contents, the cover of Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson's latest work might, had his publishers been cynically inclined, have been appropriately sprigged with rosemary—"that's for remembrance." There is apparent in it little novelty of plot, of characterisation, or of treatment; it might well, indeed, have provided the subject for a verse sung by the doleful gentleman who complained both bitterly and wittily that there was "nothing new." In the prevailing fashion, the single title stamped upon it stands sponsor to a numerous progeny, some few of them slightly related. The relatives are divided into two groups—one modern, and one belonging to the days when England and France were measuring the strength of their sword-arms in Spain. The adventures of the chief character in the first set—a particularly foolish individual who, to oblige a stranger, signs a deed without reading it, and eventually discovers that he has thus, to all intents and purposes, confessed to murder—would turn a Richard Marsh, a William Le Queux, or a Fergus Hume hero green with envy; the troubles of the hero of the second would amuse Brigadier Gerard. Messrs. Methuen were well advised in their choice of season for publication. Mr. Marriott Watson's stories, belonging as they do to that ever-increasing class of fiction termed, with reason, fugitive, will doubtless serve to while away an idle holiday hour.

"DARREL OF THE BLESSED
ISLES."BY IRVING BACHELLER.
(Methuen. 6s.)

Once again we find him in the guise of Darrel of the Blessed Isles (isles of the imagination, be it understood), whose philosophy is adapted to the mind of the backwoods, and, though not without interest, is occasionally wearisome. Is it because the American thinks, if patient, to discover a new Dickens and finds in the figure of this old clock-tinker, for instance, the essence of a Caleb Plummer? The book is a series of pictures, sketches, fragments—call them what you will—some more successful than others, yet the whole story is but the *mise-en-scène* for Darrel's rhetoric. We are refreshed by a chapter such as "A Rustic Museum," depicting the life of the two old maids and that delightful liar, their man-of-all-work—fierce tamer of the fiery steed; or, again, by the picture, direct from Nature, of Robin's Inn, the great maple-tree which sheltered a colony of robins.

"GRIFF OF GRIFFITHS-
COURT."BY HELEN MATHERS.
(Methuen. 6s.)

late years. Indeed, had Mrs. Reeve submitted the manuscript of her story to the type of critic who can deal at once sparingly and unflinchingly with a blue pencil, this novel might have taken very high rank in new-century fiction. As it is, page after page is disfigured by trite passages, and here and there by schoolboy slang; while it is surely a mistake to make a fashionable beauty, whose death, it is implied, took place some years ago, enjoy the luxury of an electric-brougham! Apart, however, from these blemishes which might so easily have been blotted out, "Griff of Griffithscourt" remains a most remarkable study of three feminine temperaments, all intimately concerned with the man—also a fine if less surely drawn study—who gives his name to the novel. Of the three women described, the most original picture drawn is that of Dan, the great-hearted hoyden so often described and yet so rarely realised and made living in contemporary fiction. Elizabeth, Griff's mother, a great lady who cannot grow old, and who, even when between forty and fifty, seems younger than her own son and the beautiful doll who has become her daughter-in-law, is an original and amusing figure, an excellent foil to the two cleverly described men who love her, Lord Jason and—Mrs. Reeve has a quaint taste in names—Simon Yay. With the third woman, Angel—Griff's wife—is bound up the horrible tragedy borrowed, perhaps unconsciously, from that which forms the *leit motif* in "Clarissa Harlowe," only that in this case the victim is not wholly innocent, for she has been willing to go almost any length in order to be "the best-dressed woman in London." Although the type is said to be a common one nowadays, and, as such, should be easy to draw, Angel remains somewhat of a lay-figure. One as stupid as she is described to have been could scarcely have filled the rôle of what used to be called a "Professional Beauty," and under no circumstances could "a proud and innocent woman" have behaved as she is said to have done during her short-lived intimacy with the villain of the

story, a millionaire motorist named Jeoffry Blunt. Still, the story is told so well, the characters are, on the whole, so vigorously imagined and described, that "Griff of Griffithscourt" should greatly add to "Helen Mathers'" reputation.

"PLACE AND POWER."

BY ELLEN THORNEYCROFT
FOWLER.
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

There is something very melancholy, at any rate from the critic's point of view, in the sight of a writer who, capable of doing excellent work, becomes content to give the thousands of readers won him by that same excellent work his second or third best. Such, unhappily, seems to be the case with Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, for it is difficult to believe that the same hand which wrote that charming study of political and Nonconformist society, "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," can have written such a pinchbeck story as is "Place and Power." The difference between the two books—the author's first and last essay in fiction—is the more apparent because in each case she is at pains to describe the piquant contrast afforded by the great political world and the best kind of provincial Dissenting circle; but whereas in her first novel there was apparent a very keen and delightful sense of observation and humour, the puppets (they are nothing more) who play their different rôles in "Place and Power" bear no relation to human life, thought, and character. Here and there, in such side-sketches as that of the pretty Irish flirt, Miss Kirkpatrick, Miss Fowler's hand seems to recover somewhat of its old cunning, and one comes across charming passages and touches of witty observation. Still, no enemy of the Nonconformist Conscience has ever written so scathing an indictment as has Miss Fowler in the second chapter of her story—that entitled "The Gaukrodgers"—of the religion in which she, apparently, so fervently believes, and surely there are many books dealing with the religious life of the period described which give the lie to Miss Fowler's assertion, "Such was the stern Calvinism of the earlier part of the last century." Be that as it may—and we are bound to say that the author of "Place and Power" takes care to make the family circle of her leading atheist, Tertius Clayton, almost as repulsive, if not quite, as that of his Christian friends—the book fails most seriously in other ways. Miss Fowler is content to label her chief character as clever, just, ambitious, or successful, as the case may be, but by no stretch of imagination is it possible to believe that the bumptious youth described in the first chapter could have ever become, by any turn of Fortune's wheel, either a successful barrister or a great statesman. As to his children and the other young people described in the later portion of the book, though much of their conversation is witty and cleverly conveys an impression of youth and high spirits, their behaviour and, even more, their language are not such as would be tolerated or heard in any refined home, whether that of a small Nonconformist shopkeeper, or, as is here the case, in that of a Home Secretary. To some readers a more serious fault of "Place and Power" will be the constant harping on religious subjects, and the incessant references to the Divine Personality, surely strangely out of place in such a story.

ON THE TABLE.

"The Mystery of Lincoln's Inn." By Robert Machray. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)—A sensational story.

"A Flame of Fire." By Joseph Hocking. (Cassell. 3s. 6d.)—This is an account of the adventures of three Englishmen in Spain at the time of the Great Armada. It is written in the first person by Rupert Hamstead, of Hamstead Manor.

"The Life of Nelson." By Robert Southey. (Hutchinson. 1s.)—The latest addition to Messrs. Hutchinson's "Library of Standard Biographies." It contains as frontispiece a portrait of Nelson, after the picture by John Hoppner, R.A.

"Resurgam." By L. T. Meade. (Methuen. 6s.)—A novel.

"The Rose of Joy." By Mary Findlater. (Methuen. 6s.)—A novel.

"The Works of Virgil." Translated by John Dryden. (Grant Richards. 1s.)—The thirty-seventh volume of "The World's Classics."

"The Adventures of Mr. Topham, Comedian." By C. Ranger Gull. (Greening. 3s. 6d.)—A book for holiday reading.

"Partners Three." By May Crommelin. (John Long. 6s.)—In the opening chapter the heroine comes in for twenty thousand pounds a-year, but, nevertheless, seems to have a difficulty in marrying the man of her choice—a difficulty only solved in the last chapter but one.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH."

INLAND.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d.
Six Months, 14s.; Christmas Half-year 15s. 3d.
Three Months, 7s.; Christmas Quarter, 8s. 3d.

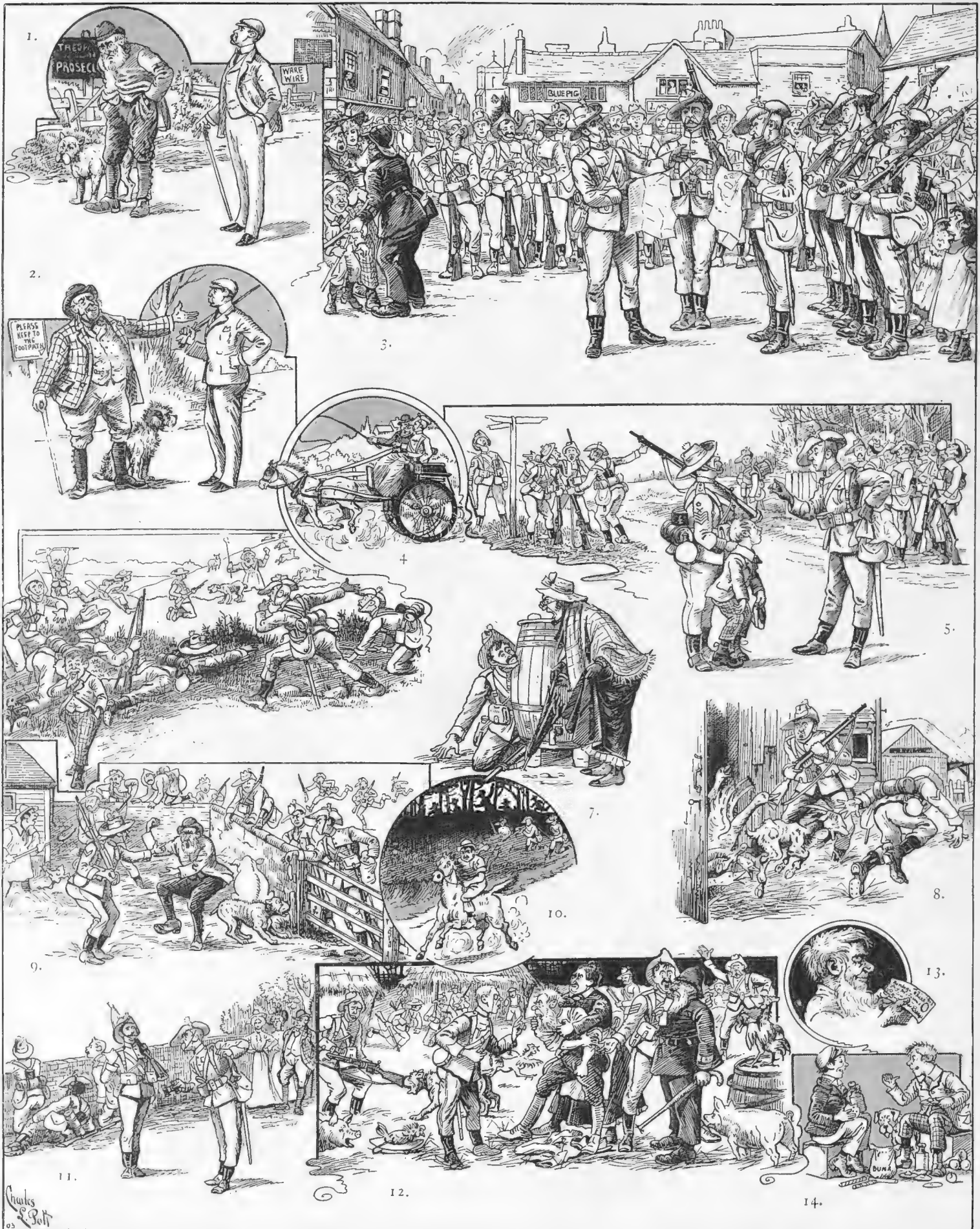
ABROAD.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 16s. 4d.
Six Months, 17s. 4d.; Christmas Half-year, 19s.
Three Months, 8s. 8d.; Christmas Quarter, 10s. 4d.

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, in English money; by cheques, crossed "The Union Bank of London"; or by Post Office Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 198, Strand, London.

AN AUTUMN MANŒUVRE:

HOW CAPTAIN BANGS, 10th V.B. BLANKSHIRE BUFFS, PRACTISED HIS COMPANY IN
THE ATTACK ON A FARM.



1. THERE WERE TWO FARMS HANDY: FARMER TURMAT'S, WHO REFUSED TO ALLOW ANYTHING OF THE SORT— 2. —AND FARMER OATCAKE'S, WHO WAS ONLY TOO WILLING.
3. ACCORDINGLY, HE ARRANGED THAT LIEUTENANT TOMPKINS SHOULD FIND OATCAKE'S FARM ENTIRELY FROM A MAP, AND HE WOULD GO ON AHEAD WITH TWO FILES AND WATCH AND CRITICISE THE ATTACK. 4. "COMMANDING OFFICERS SHOULD SELDOM INTERFERE WITH THE COURSE OF A TACTICAL EXERCISE."—Vide "VOLUNTEER REGULATIONS." 5. BUT TOMPKINS LOST HIMSELF AND THOUGHT THE ASSISTANCE OF A LOCAL INHABITANT, AT A "BOB," WOULD BE MORE RELIABLE. 6. THAT WORTHY RECKONED ONE FARM AS GOOD AS ANOTHER, AND TOOK HIM TO TURMAT'S, WHICH WAS NEAREST. 7. MRS. T. CAME ACROSS A SCOUT ROUND THE WATER-BUTT AND GAVE THE ALARM. 8. AND THE FLANKERS RECEIVED A SLIGHT CHECK. 9. THE RICK-YARD WAS TAKEN BY ASSAULT IN STYLE. 10. AND GARGE WAS SENT FOR THE LOCAL CONSTABLE. 11. THE CAPTAIN, WAITING AT OATCAKE'S, KNEW DIRECTLY HE HEARD FIRING THEY WERE ON THE WRONG FARM. 12. AND ARRIVED ONLY JUST IN TIME TO PREVENT BLOODSHED. 13. IT COST BANGS £5 DAMAGES. 14. AND THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE HELD A BANQUET THAT EVENING.

THE MODERN HUSBAND.

BY DUDLEY HARDY.



THE ADVENTURES—AND MISADVENTURES—OF A MILLIONAIRESS. RECORDED BY LEWIS BAUMER.



EXTRACT FROM THIRD LETTER:

... Dieppe would be an awfully nice place without the people. There is such a crowd on the beach I should feel quite shy if I hadn't rather a duck of a bathing-dress....



DISBOROUGH'S DIAMONDS.

BY BEATRIX M. DE BURGH.

"BY Jove, what a lovely woman!"

"Where?" Stephen Vermont turned his head languidly.

"There." He followed my pointing finger, and his eyes fell on the beautiful vision that had provoked my exclamation. A woman was coming towards us, clad in some delicate, floating garment such as is affected by the wealthy leaders of fashion in sunny Nice: a woman who would have been beautiful in rags. Ripe chestnut hair in rippling waves framed a delicate face with perfect lips, eyes as blue as the Mediterranean below and thick black lashes forming a startling contrast to her ruddy hair. Her figure was round and supple, and she walked with an easy, springing grace—something unlike the movements of the aristocratic beauties about us, suggesting, indeed, a wider freedom, a habit of moving in greater space than forms the setting of usual social life.

"Who is she, Steve?" I broke off in my question, for a transformation of the most curious had taken place in Stephen Vermont, a transformation which amazed me. The indifferent manner, the absolute repose, which had been the man's distinguishing characteristics during the seven years of my growing intimacy with him, were gone. He was blushing like an excited school-girl, and rising from his chair as one anxious, still half-afraid, to attract the lady's notice. Here was a surprise!

I knew as much of Stephen as did any man living; knew that he had "gone under" for a considerable time after a wildly extravagant youth, had vanished from Society for many years before I had met him, seven years before, and sowed the seeds of a lifelong friendship. There were many incidents in those submerged years of which he had told me. There were also many which he passed over in gloomy silence, and some instinct warned me that this woman had played a part in one of them.

It was a good part. There could not be a doubt of that, for sweetness and purity radiated from every inch of her graciously beautiful presence. A warm flush crossed her face when she saw Vermont; then, with both hands outstretched, she came to meet him, exclaiming, "Shure, now, it can't be yourself!" An Irish accent! The soft brogue of the West, and, what was more, the brogue of a peasant, toned and tutored down, it is true, but quite unmistakable to an Irishman.

My wonder grew.

"It is myself. You see I keep my promises!" was all I caught of Vermont's answer as he turned and walked with his new companion in the direction in which she had been going. He walked a little way, and then they stood for a few moments talking before parting.

Vermont came back to me with hasty, uneven strides, and an expression on his face which showed the depths of his soul were stirred.

"Who in the name of wonder is she?" I exclaimed, my intense curiosity getting the better of my manners and of my knowledge of Stephen's dislike for questions.

However, he did not snub me, as I more than half expected; he only answered, mechanically, "The Countess of Disborough."

"Who?" I almost shouted, for the Disboroughs were the most ancient of aristocrats, proud of the fact that in all their long descent there had not been a single *mésalliance*. They were charming and unaffected, but their pride of race had passed into a proverb.

"The Countess of Disborough," repeated Vermont, frowning a little, as if my exclamation had annoyed him.

"But she is an Irish country-girl!"

"And the noblest lady in the world," said Stephen, with a soft, reverent note in his voice which I had never heard before.

"How did Disborough come to marry her?"

"I'll tell you if you like, but it is a long story."

"Fire away! The longer the better, when the subject is such a beautiful one!"

"Yes, she is beautiful." Stephen was still speaking with that new note in his voice. "You see her now as she ought to be, dressed like a queen. I saw her first in a cotton gown, with sleeves rolled up above her elbows, and coarse leather shoes on her feet, and she was just as beautiful then. I thought so, and Disborough thought so too." There was a faint, sad suggestion of a smile on Vermont's lips. He had not resumed his seat, but was leaning against the parapet of the Terrace, looking out at the sea—looking but not seeing, for I was convinced the picture before his eyes was not the one I saw.

"Was it in Ireland you met?"

"Ireland? No; it was out in the great 'No-Man's-Land,' the

debatable territory on the fringe of the Diamond Fields. The Chartered Company was not the power then that it is now, and solitary bands of speculators might be found prospecting and digging for themselves. They had big finds, too, at times. A man rose a beggar and went to bed a millionaire. Wild days they were, when men hid their successes and dared not let the right hand know what the left hand hid, for the diamond-fever had got into the blood and life was held cheap. Some there were who would have sold their souls for a handful of the dull, rough pebbles with the gleaming hearts whose possession spelt wealth."

Vermont was back again in that stormy past as he spoke; the polished man-of-the-world was gone, and in the dark, sullen face above me I saw possibilities of such evil as I had not supposed the man capable of. He seemed to resent my curious glances, for he half-turned his back to me, and his voice came to me over his shoulder, distantly rough.

"I was up there in those days; so was Disborough. That was how I came to know him—and his wife."

"And his story?"

"His wife is his story."

"Oh, get on! She must be a charming one!"

"Disborough was not the Earl then; he was the second and younger son, but the Earl was with him. I dare say you know the story—the papers made quite a romance of it: the fallen family fortunes, the two plucky young men bent on retrieving them and preventing the grand old estates from coming under the hammer, and their aristocratic mother, whom they both adored, from being an outcast from the home she loved?"

"Yes, I have heard a whisper of it. The elder brother died, didn't he?"

"Died of fever. They were appallingly unlucky—their name became a byword for misfortune in the camp. Then the elder took fever; he hadn't the heart to stand up against it, so, in spite of his brother's nursing, and he cared for him as tenderly as a woman, the Earl of Disborough—Dick Feltham, as he was known in the camp—pegged out and was buried deep, by a lonely river, far from the family vault, with neither crest nor scutcheon to mark his resting-place." Vermont paused grimly.

"Well, what did the brother do?" I prompted, gently, when I thought the silence had lasted long enough.

"He nearly went mad. No one could comfort him. He went off by himself one morning, and none of us ever expected to see or hear of him again. The waste swallowed him up. There was a man in camp at that time—we will call him John Smith: no need to give his real name; he wasn't always unworthy of it. Things had gone wrong with him at home. He hadn't been bad, only wild—"

"Something like you?" Vermont turned and looked at me strangely.

"Yes, something like me. He'd gone down in the storm, and then, like so many other human derelicts, been cast up on the shores of the great South African Colony. He loved all things pertaining to the life he had lost, and he hated and loathed the roughness and coarseness of the life to which his folly had condemned him. Luck mocked him, too, for men found wealth on either side of him, and yet his own claim yielded only enough for bare sustenance. At length, in despair, he abandoned the search and started to tramp his way back to civilisation. That was some weeks after Disborough's departure. One evening, Fate, or the Devil, led John Smith to a spot where a man sat gloating over a treasure. The man neither saw nor heard him. It was Disborough, and spread out on the ground before him lay a heap of diamonds, some of enormous size. In a soiled bandana handkerchief lay wealth enough to keep six men in luxury. Disborough had no idea he was being watched, and John Smith made no sign, not even when the owner of the precious stones tied them up, and, having returned them to the bosom of his coarse shirt, knelt down and said a prayer of thanksgiving. From that night, however, he followed close in Disborough's tracks. I don't think he knew himself quite why he did so; there was certainly no thought of robbery in his mind at first, only a wistful longing for some of the other man's superfluity. Gradually the intention of helping himself to some of that superfluity crystallised and took form in his mind. He began to plan the robbery with much subtlety, but, strangely enough, as his evil idea grew in intensity, Disborough became uneasy. Smith relaxed none of his precautions, and yet he saw that Disborough was haunted by a growing conviction that he was being shadowed. His manner betrayed the

fact, and one night, when his usual care was somewhat relaxed, a movement on Smith's part betrayed him. Disborough looked up, and the men's eyes met over the glare of the fire. In a second the spy was covered with a revolver, and only a movement of lightning rapidity took him out of the way of the crashing bullet.

"That shot raised a devil in John Smith. From a victim, Disborough became an enemy, and the feeling of shame which had kept Smith from open robbery vanished. From that time forward it became a subtle war between the two men, a system of attack and defence. Disborough pressed hastily on his way with scarcely a rest for food or sleep. Not once during that rush for civilisation did the hunted man sight his pursuer. The other was an older pioneer than he, and had learned many a trick of ambush from the natives.

"Sometimes, Disborough, driven almost mad by the silent horror of his position, would turn round and shout fiercely to his enemy to come out into the open and fight him like a man, but no voice answered his challenge. Haggard, worn, and fevered, he staggered on, and in almost as evil case John Smith followed him."

"The man must have been a devil!" I exclaimed, for the terror of that pursuit spoke so terribly in Vermont's face and manner that it infected me. He pushed the thick grey hair back from his forehead.

"He was *mad*—yes, I honestly believe it—*mad*!" he said, with deep vehemence. "Nothing else could account for the complete change in his nature. He was not a wicked man."

"Did he harm Disborough?" I inquired, deeply interested.

"No—no, thank God! An angel intervened!"

"Ah! this is where the fair Irishwoman comes in." The satisfaction in my voice drew a smile even from Stephen's stern lips.

"Yes, this is where she comes in. Smith had been up-country some time, and, unknown to him, a farm had sprung up on a spot which had been merely veldt before. Upon this farm Disborough stumbled in his flight. By this time he was semi-delirious, and only conscious of an animal instinct to seek shelter from some unknown, pursuing horror.

"Muttering wildly, he staggered on across the yard littered with wood and rough building-materials, through the open door of the rough wooden shanty—it was little more—that did duty for a house, straight into Heaven."

"Otherwise, and less poetically, into the presence of—what was the Countess's maiden name?"

"Norah O'Brien. She was an orphan and had come out to keep her brother's house for him. He had had an offer of land on advantageous terms, and she, refusing to be left behind, had faced the hardships and dangers of the long journey with the courage of a man."

"Plucky girl!"

"Her brother had gone some distance to see some stock, and she was almost alone on the farm when Disborough crawled into her lean-to kitchen, with his fevered, handsome eyes, and his incoherent story of danger and pursuit. All she could gather from his disconnected words was that he was taking his diamonds home to his mother and that he was being followed. Norah might have thought the precious stones were creatures of his imagination, had he not startled her by suddenly producing them. It was his last conscious act, for he had no sooner placed his treasure on the table than, with a sudden lurch, he fell forward unconscious. Norah had seen diamonds before in their rough state, and had heard something of the wild lawlessness of the diggings, too. She suddenly realised that the sick man's story was probably true, and a glance from the door convinced her, for John Smith was striding across to the house. His figure and face were not prepossessing, and Norah's instant anxiety was to hide the diamonds. But where? In that bare, boarded hut there was absolutely no place of concealment. Her heart almost stood still with fear and doubt. She leaned against the rough table, trembling, while the sound of heavy, dragging footsteps drew nearer. Suddenly an inspiration came to her. On the table stood a batch of loaves ready for the baking; she had just made them. With hasty fingers, she tore off the top of one of them, and, thrusting the diamonds in, she kneaded it neatly into shape again, marking it deeply on the bottom with a cross to distinguish it from the others. The handkerchief she thrust quickly into the burning wood under the brick oven, and, when John Smith looked in at the doorway, she was gazing with troubled eyes at the unconscious figure on the floor, her dimpled, flour-covered hands resting on the table." Vermont's voice faltered a little, and he paused a moment. "The man *must* have been mad, for not even the sight of that lovely vision moved him. After a brief flash of wondering admiration, his thoughts became once more centred on the object of his pursuit. The moment had come for which he had been waiting—the moment when his victim lay before him, unconscious, to be robbed at ease. He had expected to find him so about this time, had calculated the hour and place to a nicety; but a chance emigrant had spoiled his whole scheme, and, instead of lying at his mercy under the shadow of a lonely kopje, Disborough was protected by a person weak, indeed, but still powerful in her weakness. John Smith began to wonder, as she explained the sick man's presence, how many people there were on that lonely farm and if chance would give him five minutes alone with Disborough.

"A woman's wit read his thoughts. If he could search and find the diamonds missing, he might go. So Norah begged him kindly to help her lift her unconscious guest on to a rough settle by the wall. The man jumped at the idea.

"I'll lift him, Miss," he answered, eagerly.

"Will you? Then I'll put the bread into the oven, or it's spoilt it will be entirely!"

"Under pretence of lifting Disborough on to the settle, Smith made his examination. It was short but thorough, for Norah religiously kept her back turned while placing in the oven the loaves, one of which contained the diamonds he sought.

"The stones were gone! That was certain! He raised himself and looked round the floor. They might have been spilt in his fall—no, there was no sign of them.

"He set himself to pump Norah, and she, with every appearance of innocence, made him believe she had seen nothing of Disborough's handkerchief and its contents. Suddenly Smith became intensely eager to depart. Disborough must have hidden the bundle. He knew every step of the way they had traversed, and if he searched carefully he might find it.

"Norah would not let him off so easily. She fed him generously, it is true, but she made him put Disborough to bed and perform many little offices for his would-be victim. He was afraid to refuse, and, besides, a strange feeling was growing on him, an odd desire to watch this beautiful girl working so hard and so cheerily. There was even something delightful in the way she took her bread out of the oven, and, brushing it free from cinders, placed it on a shelf. One loaf in particular, she handled longer than the others, and set somewhat by itself.

"That's a special loaf, for Pat, my brother; he'll be back soon after sunset."

"John Smith instantly felt that sunset was the time fixed for his departure, and told her so. She filled his bag with food and set it ready for him, and he waited till she was absent and stole away. Before going he looked again at the row of crisp loaves. For some silly and wholly sentimental reason he wanted that special loaf. Quickly he changed it for the one in his pack, and so departed, never imagining Norah saw him go and noticed he was returning on his tracks.

"The next night—he had not gone far, because his search of the road had been very thorough—he was amazed to hear the sound of hoofs. He was camping among a cluster of trees, and he paused, with his knife in one hand and Pat's loaf in the other, on the verge of discovery, to see Norah herself draw rein beside him. Her first remark was brief and to the point—

"I gave you bread. Why did you steal that loaf?"

"John Smith grew suddenly crimson.

"I—I—wanted it," he stammered.

"I told you it was Pat's. Give it me back!"

"Do you mean to say you have come all this way to fetch it?" The man simply gasped in his surprise.

"Yes, I do! Give it to me!"

"Smith half held out his hand, then drew it back. 'No; I have a fancy to keep it.' He looked up at her as he spoke with a softer light than she had seen on his face before, and she suddenly dismounted and came nearer.

"Shure, I have a fancy to have it back. You shall have another."

"Why do you want it?" he asked, suspiciously. "Tell me, and you shall have it."

"She hesitated, then laid her hand on his arm and looked at him searchingly. The man trembled and felt as if those pure eyes were reading his very soul.

"Why, here's some mistake!" A sweet smile broke across her lips. "You didn't mean to rob the poor fellow. The fever made him fancy it! You're not a bad man at all! I—I beg your pardon for thinking it of you!" Smith drew back and hid his face, with a smothered groan. "Won't you forgive me?" the soft voice pleaded. "The poor fellow was raving, and I thought he was speaking the truth. I thought you were a thief, and I hid his diamonds."

"Hid them? Where?"

"In the loaf, to be sure! Where else? You didn't think it was the bread I was so anxious about?" and she laughed up into his face.

"Perhaps, if her sweet trust had wavered in the least he would have been lost again, but it didn't. She had pierced right through the husk of sin and selfishness and found the real man.

"You'll give it me now?"

"No, I'll go back with you and put it in the very place I took it from. It's my penance."

"Shure, then, I'll promise you full absolution for the sin you never committed!"

"The Queen's pardon!" answered John Smith, with a smile; but he told her before he left how very nearly he had committed that crime, and even then her tender charity forgave him."

Vermont paused again.

"And I suppose the Dowager Countess forgave her birth because she saved the family fortunes? I don't wonder that Disborough fell in love with his nurse. What became of Smith?"

"Can't you guess?" Vermont gave me one of his queer looks, and I whistled. "Yes, that's it. I've never seen her since I left the farm till to-day; but I promised her I'd steer straight, and I've done it, and found fortune, too."

That was all Vermont ever told me of the story, but I found out from the Countess afterwards that he was Disborough's head-nurse all through that fever, and, under Heaven, saved his life. I'm almost as jealous of Disborough as I am of his wife. I told Vermont so, when he came in last night with a splendid ring on his finger.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"It was given to me," he answered, with a retrospective smile. "It is one of Disborough's diamonds."

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



CLASHING of dates as well as clashing of titles seems to be about to set in as regards certain new productions. For example, both at the Duke of York's and at the Avenue, Managements were, just before I sat down to write these notes, of opinion that they would present their respective new pieces on the 28th inst.

The more important of these two productions to the London playgoing enthusiast is, of course, that at the Duke of York's, not only because the new play being rehearsed there has been "made in England," but also because that play is the work of Britain's best dramatist, namely, Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero, who still calls this work by the rather tame title "Letty." Of course, we all know—because the Dramatist of All has assured us—that "the Play's the Thing," and that, providing *that* is all right, the name matters little. For my own part, however, I must confess that I like a good title, such, for example (to quote only my friend Pinero's case), as "Imprudence" (until lately the name of Mr. Esmond's play, "Little Billy's Love Affair"), "Lords and Commons," "The Money Spinner," "The Weaker Sex," "The Hobby-Horse," "Lady Bountiful," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," "Sweet Lavender," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and "The Gay Lord Quex."

Mr. Pinero describes his newest play as "a drama in four Acts and an epilogue," instead of drama "in a prologue," &c., as is the usual custom. I find that "Letty" has some very strong acting characters, including those allotted to Miss Irene Vanbrugh and her husband, Mr. Dion Boucicault, to Miss Nancy Price (who was lately the Rosa Dartle in "Em'ly," at the Adelphi), and especially to Mr. H. B. Irving, whose distinguished father, Sir Henry, starts touring next Monday and will not be back again in London for nearly a year.

The Avenue's next new play is "Dolly Varden," and this I found just now being diligently rehearsed with a view to production on the 28th; but, as I have hinted, I have good reason to believe that this production may not be quite ready by that date. This play, "made in America," will also be run by Americans—the Brothers Schubert, who have achieved a great managerial reputation in the States.

Miss Ellen Terry, who by the time these lines appear in public will have started her next tour at the Grand Theatre, Fulham, with "Much Ado About Nothing," will next Friday produce at that theatre a new one-Act play called "Punchinello."

For some years past I have from time to time been asked to announce the probable imminent production of a comic opera which Mr. Henry Hamilton had written and Mr. Ivan Caryll had composed on the subject of "Madame Sans-Gêne." But, also from time to time, it fell to my lot to announce that, for some reason or other, this comic opera had been postponed. Lately, however, I had to state that Mr. George Edwardes had made arrangements for this opera, now called "The Duchess of Dantzic," to follow "The Medal and the Maid" at the Lyric. I have now to chronicle the fact that Oct. 3 is the latest date selected for the long-delayed production of the musical "Madame Sans-Gêne." Miss Evie Greene (transferred from Daly's) is to play the name-part—first acted in English by Miss Ellen Terry—and Mr. Holbrook Blinn is to impersonate the character of Napoleon I., first enacted in English by Sir Henry Irving, who, it will be remembered, devised a wonderful "fattened-out" make-up for the part.

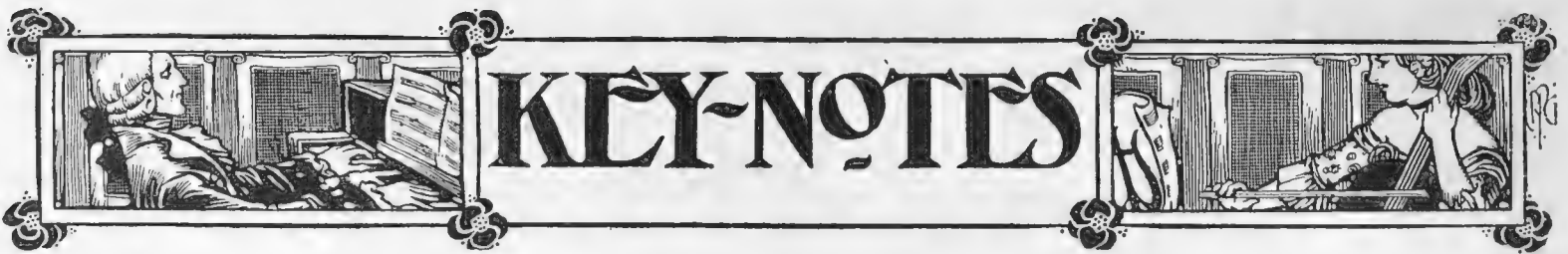
Mr. George R. Sims, who has just celebrated the fifty-sixth anniversary of his birth, seems to be somewhat busy again in his old-time melodrama line. Only a few days ago a revised version of his play, "The City of Pleasure" (a strong adaptation of Decourcelle's "Gigolette"), was brought to London and presented at the Islington Grand, and this week he has had produced at the Pavilion Theatre, Mile End (for the first time on any stage), a new melodrama, "all out of his own head," where most of his melodramas come from. This new Sims play is entitled "The Woman from Gaol." Certain of its chief scenes are built inside, outside, or around Aylesbury Prison.

Mr. George Edwardes has just started rehearsing that long-talked-of new musical-play, "The Orchid-Hunt," for production at the New Gaiety on or about the end of September or the middle of October.



A SCENE FROM "THE REDSKINS" AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME, SHOWING THE WONDERFUL WATER-FALL EFFECT.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



THERE is nothing more delightful, in its own way, than a Three Choirs Festival. Every year, when summer is on the wing and autumn comes with its hedges full of nuts, Hereford or Worcester or Gloucester unite their contingents and make a full-hearted revelry of song that has become now, of course, a tradition.

As a musical idea, the thought is perfect; but it has certainly happened in the past that that idea has run just a trifle to seed. Convention is the pain and the pleasure of human existence; but when convention itself becomes conventional, then is the time for abuse and rejection.

It has luckily happened that a young race of new but already well-known organists has in these days come forward to assist in the general progress of music, to add their own contributions to that progress, and to give a particular and significant assistance to the music that comes within their immediate ken. Dr. Sinclair is just now

The Queen's Hall, under Mr. Henry Wood's direction, retains its reputation in its later programmes of going ahead in the truly right sense—that is, in proving the modern meanings of much that is old, and disproving the value of many ancient meanings that seem to be young in point of time. On Tuesday night, Mr. Wood proved the great value of Strauss, the most modern of all musicians; on the same occasion he produced a composition by Mr. York Bowen, a work which is entitled "The Lament of Tasso." One grieves for the title. Tasso has many commonplace sighs and tears to account for, and Mr. Bowen gathered up the harvest with fine spirit and significant feeling. Of course, the finer was the music of Tasso's Lament, the less appealing was the ultimate issue. Anybody who really knew Tasso would possibly, in music, follow Mr. Bowen's meaning; but Tasso—need one say more? Was he really a poet? He had reason, at all events, to make lament.

The first performance in London of Mr. Harry Farjeon's Concerto in D for Pianoforte and Orchestra brought forward Mr. Cuthbert Whitmore as the solo-player. He is an interpreter who is undoubtedly earnest and well-meaning; but he does not exactly reach any poetical height. He played spiritedly; but his failure (if one may call it failure) was mostly due to the composition which he had undertaken to interpret. Mr. Farjeon's work is dull and uninteresting; it has occasional passages of brilliance, but it cannot be regarded even with kindness. The concert which introduced Mr. Whitmore's composition was also responsible for one of the most charming possible performances of three works—one by Bach, one by Brahms, one by Mendelssohn. Under Mr. Wood these things went most admirably.

The chief item of this exceedingly fine concert was, however, Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," played under Mr. Wood's baton with extraordinary spirit and feeling. That is Mr. Wood's chief accomplishment—that he thoroughly understands the novel elements in art, that the fresher, the more new is a composition, the added fire of genius fills him with enthusiasm. After all, we must all remember that Mozart is dead. With him died an epoch. His final bow was a splendid specimen of courtesy. But the call and clamour of Strauss are a sort of artistic Resurrection. It is Mr. Wood who has suggested that emotion.

The English Opera goes on gaily at Covent Garden, petted by popularity, met with merriment, applauded by acclaiming audiences. "I Pagliacci," "Cavalleria," "Tannhäuser," and "Lohengrin" have all been genuine successes. Madame Fanny Moody's Elsa was



MR. H. PLUNKET GREENE, WHO TAKES PART IN THE HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Photograph by Russell, Baker Street, W.

in possession of the field, and his serious efforts in the cause of the most modern (as well as the past) developments of music are both widely known and widely appreciated. He is a musician of the steady and sturdy type. He knows precisely what he wants, and he generally gets it.

Hereford will see the production of a new composition by Mr. Coleridge Taylor, in "The Atonement." It is a work which comes by direct ancestry through Handel's "Messiah" and Gounod's "Redemption." Mr. Taylor, of course, has treated the subject from quite a personal point of view. Nevertheless, there is no question but that he has accomplished the feat with reverence and with feeling. But here comes in the question, "Is it Art?" In Kipling's poem he asks that question—in the days when Rudyard Kipling did not mind his Christian name being acknowledged and praised. One is not quite sure if (save for occasional moments) he does not still dislike it intensely.

Now Kipling plays obviously the part of the pizzicato-string poet of the present day. The names for his instrument have been many, and have been exceptionally multiplied largely owing to the late Mr. W. E. Henley, who used to maintain that the banjo was Mr. Kipling's bourn—the bourne from which no traveller returns—and one suspects that Mr. Henley knew the condemnation to be everlasting, if the result, like the sects, were multiplied and re-constituted. But one leaves such fields, which have clearly no relation with any Key-note, for the musical settings of Kipling's poem. First, we meet Sir Arthur Sullivan. Sullivan was at the moment filled with the country's excitement, which had been fed, to a certain extent, by Kipling's rhymes. Therefore, Sullivan suddenly started forth with the cry of the populace: and thereby he made a momentary success.

So few people have ever taken the trouble to look for Sullivan's Art just where it really exists that it may be news to them that his scores almost may endure comparison with those of Mozart, and that they excel with ridiculous ease those of "Papa" Haydn and those of many another man whose name has, by some absurd chance, been absorbed in the whirlpool of fame and been shaken into the air for the wonderment of onlookers.

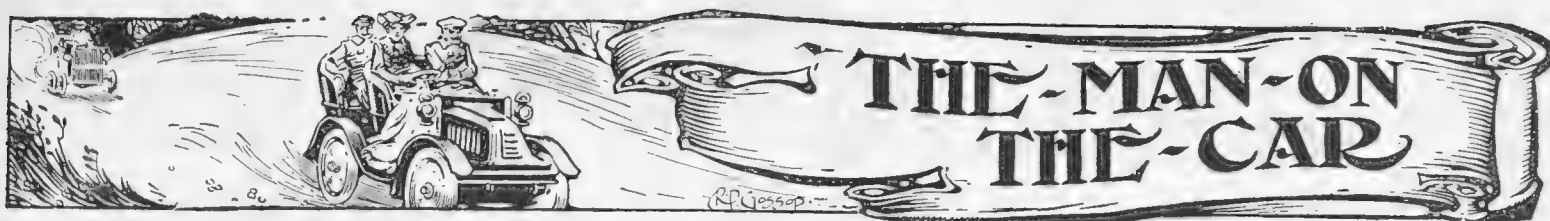


HEREFORD CATHEDRAL, WHERE THIS YEAR'S MUSICAL FESTIVAL IS BEING HELD.

Photograph by Russell, Baker Street, W.

extremely interesting, and Madame Alice Esty was good as Elizabeth in "Tannhäuser," although she had obviously weak moments. The Chorus is, for the most part, excellent, both in the tragedy and comedy of the various works in which it takes part.

COMMON CHORD.



Dogs and Motors—Cheap Cars—Courtesy on the Road—Washing and Polishing.

SOONER or later, perhaps the "friend of man," in the shape of the average dog, will arrive at knowledge that motor-cars are objects of common traffic which must be respected, although no horse is hitched on afore mercifully to kick the bow-wow from the doom of the wheel. The Metropolitan animal has already learnt his lesson, more or less, but his fellow of the country-side still charges down upon a motor-car with reckless courage. Dog-owners, for the most part, regard the gambols of their favourites in front of cars with inordinate amusement, and make no attempt to withdraw them from the peril until the worst has happened and the wheel has passed over the poor, faithful, pulpitating body. Then the indignation of the dog-owner knows no bounds, although the motor-driver may have

We live in a world of compromise, an atmosphere of give-and-take, albeit the motorist is just now expected to give freely and get very little in return. For some time to come that, I fear, must be our lot, but it should in no wise discourage us from offering to all other users of the highway every possible courtesy. It pays all along the line, and makes the path of the motorist easier in the future. For instance, if the car-driver be not pressed for time when meeting with a horse that is evidently afraid of cars, an excellent effect is produced on the horse-owner if an offer is made to stop and familiarise the animal with the weird sounds and strange appearance of the horseless carriage. It is remarkable in how short a time a horse, from plunging and caracoling all over the place at the sight and sound of a car, will walk up quietly



THE MOTOR EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH POLE: A POSSIBLE CONTINGENCY.

MOTORIST: *I say, have any of you chaps got a reindeer?*

DRAWN BY R. C. CARTER.

stripped his tyres and nearly turned his car over in an earnest attempt to avoid the mistaken and blindly plucky canine. Is the animal done to death by a horse-drawn vehicle, then the dog-owner takes the misfortune quite calmly, as something that could not be helped, for a horsed vehicle is not supposed to stop, dodge, or rear up to avert injury to an assailing dog. But when the motor-driver has, by skill and damage, averted disaster, he will probably hear himself cursed and his car defined as a "stinking, dangerous thing."

Some of the French firms are taking fright at the evident intention of several of the English constructors to meet the car demand of the much-discussed "man of moderate means" with a handy, light, simple, and efficient vehicle that can be sold at anything from £150 to £200. I understand that the leading French house will next season put a car of low horse-power upon the market which shall be purchasable on the English market at a figure somewhere between the two sums named above. Whatever the price may be, purchasers will be able to rely that nothing but the best design and soundest work will be put upon the market. It is the present advent of the Humber Light Car which has spurred the French house on.

to the bonnet and stand there looking eloquently ashamed of himself while the engine is raced to the uttermost.

It is very seldom one finds that one's car is properly washed by stable-helps who are accustomed only to cleanse down the horse-drawn carriage. These men are always nonplussed by the grease which cannot be prevented from spreading on to many parts of an automobile. It is not sufficient to hose a car over to obtain the best results afterwards by drying off and polishing. The hose is, of course, most convenient to use for washing off mud, but this cleansing should be followed by hand-washing with a sponge entirely free from grit and dipped in a pailful of clean water in which half a teacup-full of the best paraffin has been well mingled. This done, all the paint-work of the vehicle should be well-polished up with leathers or selvyts. Selvyts are preferable, as they seem to take up and absorb any grease that may remain, and leave a bright and glistening surface. The ordinary groom or coachman, if turned on to a car, requires that this should be well drummed into him, for, in his innate conservatism, it is difficult to convince him that what is good enough for a carriage is not good enough for a car.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Tips for Doncaster—The Autumn Handicaps—Mr. Nugent's Death.

THE holiday season may now be said to have finished so far as racegoers are concerned, and the crowd at Doncaster this week will, I take it, break all records, for it is the first time the King has attended the Town Moor since his accession. All the houses in the neighbourhood of Doncaster are crowded, and, as the

racers at present. The handicappers have done their work so well that good fields are certain to be forthcoming, and I must congratulate the Stewards of the Jockey Club on instituting the Committee system for weight-adjusting. Truly, at that game, two, or rather, three, heads are better than one. The favourites in both races have been known

for some time through the quotations published from the foreign lists, but it is just on the cards that the dark horses may have a look-in this year. The opinion prevails at Newmarket that Lord Howard de Walden will capture the long race, while of the country-trained horses Rightful and Lord Carnarvon's best are feared. The Cambridgeshire will, as usual, prove to be the best betting race of the year. Again Lord Howard de Walden looks dangerous on paper, while many of the best judges who go racing have been waiting for the best of Fallon's lot. The latter stable is sure to provide a good candidate, but I will say no more until I have seen the acceptances.

Every racegoer one meets sympathises with that fine old sportsman, Sir Charles Nugent, over the sad death of his only son, Mr. Charles Hugh Nugent, who died at Ostend last week through being kicked by a horse in a hurdle-race. Deceased was one of our best amateur riders, and he worked hard at his pleasure. He travelled hundreds of miles to get a mount in a race, and has been known to ride in Ireland one day and to appear at Lewes in the saddle on the following afternoon. Mr. Nugent just missed riding Drumcree to victory for the last Grand National through a broken collar-bone. In the National of 1900 he rode Hidden Mystery, and must have won had not Covert Hack brought his mount down. Deceased rode a lot at exercise, and assisted his father in his training operations at Cranborne, Dorset, hard by to Woodyates, where William Day used to turn out so many good winners. Woodyates used to belong to the "good" Earl of Shaftesbury; while Michel Grove, where Mr. Davies trains for Mr. W. M. Singer and where William Goater turned out so many Cesarewitch winners, is the property of the Duke of Norfolk. Cranborne must be a healthy training-ground, as witness the winners turned out by Duke.

CAPTAIN COE.



OTTER-HOUNDS IN ARRAN.

Photograph by Reid, Wistham.

train arrangements are always good, the cheap trippers can be relied on to turn up in their thousands to see the race for the St. Leger; and what a roar would go up if Mead were to win! 'Pon my word, I think the King's colt has a chance second to none. I base my opinion, (1) on the running of Rock Sand at Sandown, and (2) on the fact that Mead is essentially an autumn colt. Excuses are made for the shy finish of Rock Sand in the Eclipse Stakes, but I watched the race very closely, and came to the conclusion that Sir James Miller's colt was not of the stout sort. On the other hand, Mead has always shaped like a stayer, and he put in some good work last autumn. I shall stand Mead to win, and hope to see Rock Sand and William Rufus placed.

What are termed the minor events at Doncaster should yield well, as so many horses have been saved specially for their engagements on the Town Moor. The Tattersall Sale Stakes looks a good thing for John o' Gaunt, and Huntley ought to capture the Rous Plate, although, I must say, Mr. Arthur James does not meet with the best of luck as an owner. For the Doncaster Stakes Kroonstad has a big chance in the absence of William Rufus, and the Scarborough Stakes would be no more than an exercise canter for Zinfandel if he went to the post, but I expect Lord Howard de Walden's colt will be reserved for the Doncaster Cup—a gift for him, by-the-bye. The Park Hill Stakes, made famous by the victory of Elba over Sceptre last year, may attract some useful fillies to the post on Friday. Unfortunately, Quintessence, owned by Lord Falmouth and supposed to be the smartest of her year, has been under a cloud for some time, but only in her absence should I declare for Hammerkop, who, by-the-bye, has improved by leaps and bounds since the Epsom Summer Meeting.

As the acceptances for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire will be published this week, it would be wasting time and space to deal with these



TROUT-FISHING AT GLEN ROSA, ARRAN.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE burning question of Sarah Jane's delinquencies and demands, which have furnished her mistress with occasion for diatribes in all ages, seems threatened with a solution at last. This is a practical age, and to recognise an evil is usually to grapple with it. In that spirit, doubtless, a handful of energetic women have taken the servant problem into account and their counsels, with the result that London is to initiate a Club for the training of gentlewomen as servants. In this admirable project one has already heard the pessimist's objection, based chiefly on a knowledge or hearsay of the "lady help" with all her pomps and very few works. But that argument is soon met.

The "lady help" of the past had little or no technical training, and usually joined ignorance with an inflated idea of her own dignity, so it was little wonder that employers fell back upon the low comedy of Betsy Ann, rather than endure the tragedy of Gwendolin—having tried both. In the proposed Club a thorough training of poor gentlewomen in the arts of cookery, housekeeping, and dressmaking will be given, with the object of enabling them to make a living as cooks, maids, house-maids, and so on. From three to six months will be the allotted course, according to the subject taken up. Examinations will be held, certificates granted, and candidates may be well assured good employment will readily follow. Lady Alice Houblon and Miss Agatha Henslow are chiefly responsible for the idea, and at the latter lady's address, 73, Upper Berkeley Street, fullest information may be obtained of a project which is full of promise and carries the good wishes of all.

I have been admiring the *rentrée* of the jersey under many guises this last week, fate having landed me in the house of a friend who is the proprietor of four vigorous and sporting daughters, and, having seen its use under the stress and strain of golf, tennis, archery, and all other circumstances of the outdoor life, can only wonder how we have managed to exist without it so long. That its further developments will be even more seductive than the present versions I have little doubt; but even now, the new models, knitted in pale colours of rose, cream, green, and blue, with the sole adornment of tiny gold or silver buttons, are essentially becoming and workmanlike to boot. While being porous, the jersey is warmer than the ordinary blouse, and its elasticity makes it the garment *par excellence* for sport. With the short, well-cut skirt of present wear, it is the ideal country and yachting dress.

And, apropos of the short *jupon*, as if to draw the line of demarcation more exactly than we realise over here, Parisian dress-makers insist on making all evening and grand-toilette afternoon-gowns extremely long both in front and at the sides, while trains are more accentuated than ever. One cannot quite see the logic of being obliged to kick one's dress before one or else tumble over it. But when were ever monarchs of the mode amenable to logic? To them

it is merely a matter of laying down the law; they will ever find plenty of money-laden admirers slavishly glad to follow the wildest flights of freakish Madame Fashion.

Recognising the painful efforts with which we keep our picture-hats in place when windy weather holds its own, someone of inventive talent has designed a dainty little hat-comb called the "Corona," which is arranged to fasten in the front-hair and so give secure resting-place to the hat-pins which pass through it and one's *chapeau*. The notion recommends itself as a simple and effective one, and, like most other simple inventions, one wonders why it has not been thought of before.

The art of snoring can never be two things. It can never be a "gentle" art or a graceful, yet it is astonishing what a number of gentle and graceful people both are unconscious victims of its grotesque habit, as had one the power of invisibility one could very soon verify. There is, in fact, no poetry about the act of snoring. Romance flies before its raucous repetitions, and the adored might easily become the ignored were its lurking vocalisms suspected. To cure the bathos of the act, therefore, should be the endeavour of the afflicted, and it will be consolatory to know that Mrs. Adair, of 90, New Bond Street, has, in addition to her many other unique specialities, just introduced a special strap for curing the unhealthy habit of sleeping with the mouth open and preventing the still worse habit of snoring. This strap has in each case to be

measured for, but the self-measurement is easy for those who live out of town, and directions are easily obtainable from Mrs. Adair, who does such wonderful things to keep us all young and beautiful for ever, or thereabouts.

Those to whom experiments in cookery are a pleasure—and they are many—should provide themselves with a copy of "Food and Cookery," which gives a number of recipes for the consumption of "Plasmon" in various guises and disguises. There is no doubt that this useful extract is an invaluable and most nutritious addition to the



[Copyright.]

A NEW DESIGN IN SILVER-GREY.

household. Its use for invalids or healthy folk is equally to be advocated. Children fed with it are peculiarly fit and robust, so mothers should make a special note of this.

SYBIL.

"RICHARD II." AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

THE revival of "Richard the Second," to be given by Mr. Beerbohm Tree at His Majesty's to-morrow (Thursday) night, was in fine form at the special dress-rehearsal which was in progress just before *The Sketch* going to press. This will be the sixth of Mr. Tree's spectacular Shaksperian revivals at



MR. TREE'S "MAKE-UP" FOR RICHARD II.

His Majesty's, the others being "Julius Cæsar," "King John," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Twelfth Night," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor." For masses of wondrous scenic effects and for the number of people "concerned" (as player-folk say), "Julius Cæsar" was hitherto Mr. Tree's record Shaksperian revival. "Richard the Second" will, however, lower this record in that it will present both a larger number of big scenes and will engage quite two hundred and thirty players, either of speaking or of what are professionally known as "thinking" parts. I note that Mr. Tree has moulded his make-up for the often weak-minded Richard upon the portrait of that monarch in Westminster Hall, which portrait is understood to be the first oil-painting ever made in England, and is certainly the first picture of any English King ever painted in this country.

H. C. N.

September opened in Germany with a welcome burst of sunshine (writes a correspondent). Throughout August the weather, if possible, was more gloomy here than in Great Britain. Not even on the occasion of the Grand Parade of the regiments of the Guard could it be induced to accord with the fair predictions of its Austrian prophet, Herr Falb. Tens of thousands of Berliners and foreign visitors assembled on the last day of August to witness the Parade, and the soldiers of the Emperor were already on their way to the great Templehof Common—the Aldershot of Germany—when menacing drops of rain began to fall and the unexpected order arrived from Headquarters that the great spectacle would be postponed until a more favourable opportunity. No sooner were the regiments within barracks again than the rain ceased; but not so the comments of the public, who, having grown accustomed to wet weather, failed to appreciate the consideration for his soldiers displayed by the Emperor. Fortunately, the 1st of September proved a glorious day, and the Grand Parade held then beneath a cloudless sky richly compensated the participators for the disappointment caused by the adjournment.

THE STORY OF A PLAY'S ACCEPTANCE.

THE manner in which Mr. E. S. Willard became possessed of Mr. J. M. Barrie's charming comedy of sentiment, "The Professor's Love Story" (matinée performances of which are about to take place at the St. James's Theatre), is decidedly interesting. Some years ago, when the famous actor-manager was in America, he chanced to read "My Lady Nicotine." This impressed him so favourably that he then and there wrote to a friend in London who knew the author and commissioned him to inquire of Mr. Barrie if he would write a play. In the following year, Mr. Willard came to London and got into direct communication with the famous novelist. The two talked over dramatic matters generally, and before they parted Mr. Barrie sketched out a comedy in outline. Mr. Willard approved of the main idea and asked the author to fill it out. He then returned to America to await developments.

These came in somewhat unexpected form. One morning, to his great surprise, the distinguished actor-manager read in a newspaper a statement that Mr. Barrie had completed a play for Sir Henry Irving. The plot, which was given in detail, coincided to a great extent with the comedy which he was under the impression was being written for himself. Inquiries were immediately instituted. These showed that, owing to a misunderstanding, the author had come to the conclusion that Mr. Willard was not prepared to accept the play, and in this juncture he had submitted it to Sir Henry Irving.

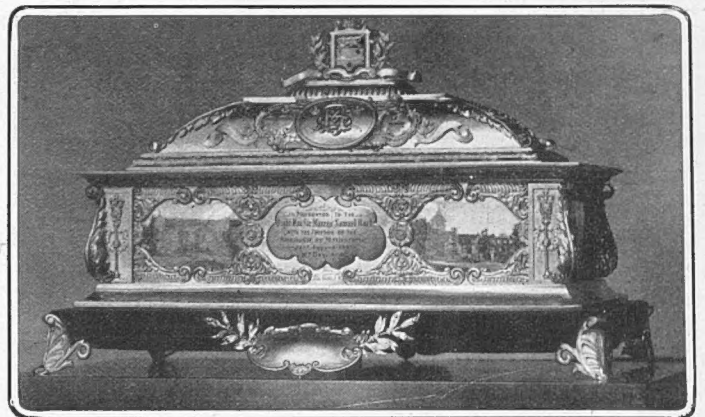
After a period stipulated in the contract, however, Sir Henry found that his arrangements made it impossible for him to stage the play at the Lyceum. Accordingly, it was then passed on to two other managers, each of whom eventually returned it. When, at last, it came back into Mr. Barrie's hands, it was promptly sent across the Atlantic to the manager for whom it was originally intended. Here it met with instant acceptance and was put into rehearsal at once.

As the season was coming to an end, "The Professor's Love Story" was put up, with the intention of taking it out of the bill at the end of a week. It was received, however, with such striking success that Mr. Willard kept it in his bill all through the summer. Altogether, it remained his staple attraction for more than two years. His own part, that of Professor Goodwillie, is one of the best in his long repertoire. In connection with this it is interesting to note that, when news of the favourable reception accorded the play reached England, one of the actor-managers who had declined it when it was first submitted to him cabled to Mr. Willard to know if he could purchase the English rights.

The contract for "The Professor's Love Story," by the way, is probably the most shortly worded one ever yet drawn up. It is, however, very much to the point. Dated from the Garrick Club, on Dec. 28, 1892, it consists merely of half-a-dozen lines scrawled on a sheet of notepaper in Mr. Barrie's characteristic handwriting, and is to the effect that, in return for a fixed royalty, the comedy is to remain in Mr. Willard's possession for a term of years.

The Rudge-Whitworth Bicycle Company have been appointed Cycle-makers to His Majesty the King.

The casket recently presented to Sir Marcus Samuel, with the freedom of the Borough of Maidstone, is richly gilt, handsomely chased, and ornamented in repoussé. The Arms of the Borough are enamelled in proper colours on a shield surmounting the lid, below which is the monogram of Sir Marcus, also in enamel, with the Arms



CASKET PRESENTED TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR MARCUS SAMUEL, WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE BOROUGH OF MAIDSTONE.

Photograph by Stoneham, Cheapside.

and crest respectively engraved each side of the monogram. Upon the centre of the reverse are enamelled the Baronet's Arms and motto, and the six panels are filled by exquisite reproductions in enamel of various interesting and historic places in Maidstone. The casket was manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of 158 to 162, Oxford Street, W.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 28.

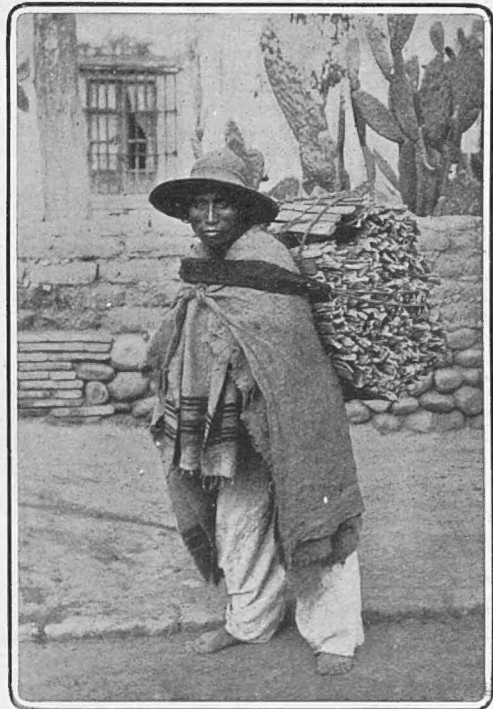
MARKETS IN GENERAL.

BY such an early raising of the Bank Rate the Old Lady has certainly struck an unexpected blow at the markets of the Stock Exchange which it is only natural that members of the House should regard as an unfriendly act, and they look reproachfully across the way at the Bank of England for having thrown one

more obstacle into the path of business, which is already blocked with so many other passive resistors. So far as may be seen, this unusually early rise in the official minimum will check the flow of business to the House for at least some weeks to come, because, although 4 per cent. is, as we said last week, a good workable rate when things are active, in days of slackness it hangs like a blanket over investment markets, and exercises an indirect influence over speculative ones as well.

THE YANKEE POSITION.

New York is manifestly suffering from quite as much depression in the stock markets as we



A TYPICAL MEXICAN WOOD-CUTTER.

are on this side of the water, and the records of the daily sales show how public interest on the other side has fallen away to a mere trifle. Under the circumstances, it is somewhat surprising that quotations should have maintained their hardness as well as they have done, but the explanation lies in the satisfactory reports and statements which are appearing week by week and which show that the principal lines, for all their heavy capital-additions of recent years, are still enjoying a wonderful amount of prosperity. From present indications, there is no reason to suppose that the trade of the United States will show any diminution for some time to come. The cycle of prosperity runs as swiftly as ever, and, although we have no doubt that the reaction will come about in the usual course of events, that eventuality will probably be postponed a good while yet. Moreover, the currency question in the United States appears at last to be marching towards a solution, and if Mr. Secretary Shaw's scheme should be adopted we shall probably see another burst of bullish activity in Yankee shares. Of course, it must not be lost sight of that the financial situation in New York is still far from stable, and markets will be subject to sharp spasms of flatness whenever money grows acutely tight, as it has a knack of doing when least expected, but on balance the outlook for Americans is considerably happier than it was a month or two ago, and an Autumn bull campaign is quite on the cards. The speculator who likes to flirt with fortune in Americans had better confine himself to the most volatile varieties, than which, of course, there are no better examples than Atchisons, Unions, Southern Pacifics, Eries, and others of the same ilk. According to the Secretary of the United States Treasury before quoted, if financial disaster comes it would be psychological. "For," says Mr. Shaw, "the microbe of disaster, if it exists at all, exists in the mind, and not elsewhere."

MEXICANS.

Attention was directed on several occasions last month in these Notes to the advance in silver, and the effect which that advance influenced upon various groups of securities affected by fluctuations in the price of the metal. Amongst such stocks, those of the Mexican Railway stand out, perhaps, more prominently than any other, and movements in these have lately been so much in favour of holders that some slight reaction would not be at all improbable. But those who have taken up the stocks as speculative investments should in no wise sell just now, since there is every chance of a fresh rise as soon as the

profit-snatching bull account has been reduced. Our illustrations this week show a well-known bridge on the Mexican Railway Company's system, together with a peasant in typical costume, who, it should be noticed, stands almost in front of one of the prickly-pear trees for which Mexico is famous.

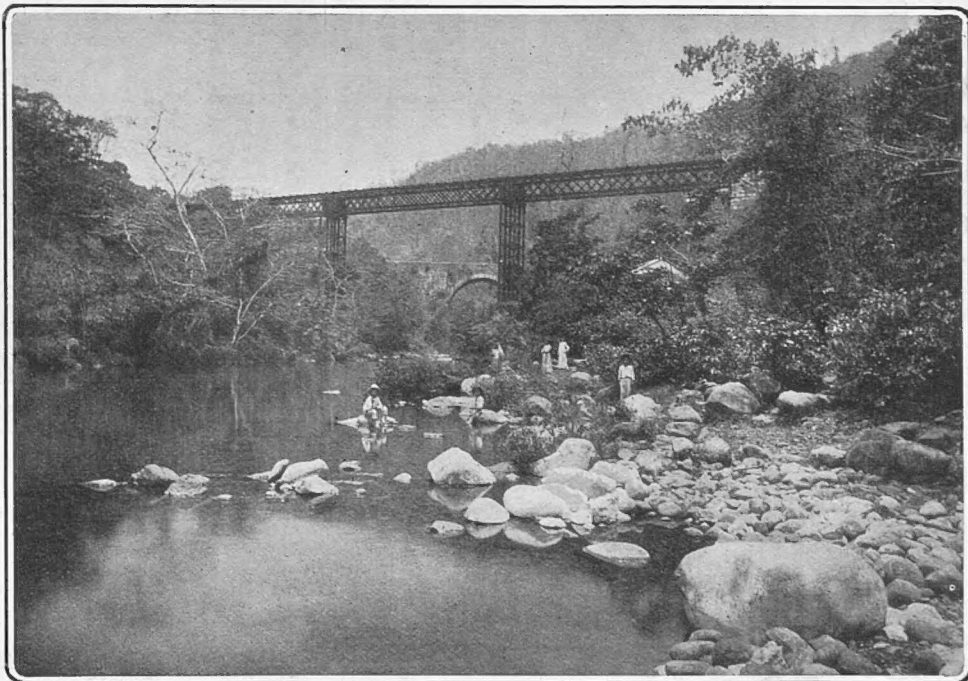
ELECTRIC RAILWAYS AGAIN.

Abundant demonstration is now forthcoming that the bad impression produced upon the minds of certain timid investors by reason of the holocaust on the Métropolitain Railway in Paris was purely of a temporary nature. The fall in stocks of Companies operating in the Metropolis was sharpest in City and South London and Central London issues. Already revival has set in, and, while the stocks of neither Company have fully recovered from the effects of the disaster, they are slowly regaining their lost positions. With regard to the City and South London, the Company is, of course, now feeling the full maleficence of competition by the new County Council trams, and this cause has laid a heavy hand upon the City Company's traffics. Nevertheless, it may be pointed out that with the dark days of autumn and winter this competition will gradually cease to operate as a disturbing factor, and next year there should be plenty of traffic for both systems. How the number of travellers can be increased by fresh accommodation has been brilliantly shown by the London United Tramways in the West-End, which Company literally cultivated traffic by the enterprising way in which the Board have pursued the policy of extension. So long as the Central London trio can maintain their 4 per cent. dividends, so long, it may be concluded, will the price of the stocks rest at par or above it. Shrewd investors have recently been picking up the stocks on their fall, and to us it seems as if the Deferred presents a certain amount of attraction at its current quotation, inasmuch as the dividend is paid only once a year, and every prospect points to at least a repetition of the 4 per cent. paid for the year 1902. Metropolitan District stock has also reached a point at which it may be picked up by the speculative investor, for the Company's experimental electric-trains running between Mill Hill Park and Harrow are showing that the District has a fine field all ready for traffic when it can be properly developed. District stock, it may be pointed out, is now nearly 10 points below the best level touched this year. With regard to Metropolitan Consolidated, the price is so greatly influenced by the tone of the Home Railway Market in general that it is practically dependent upon the swing of the pendulum which carries investment stocks in its train.

JOTTINGS FROM WESTRALIA.

In view of the meeting of the Associated Northern Blocks Company to-morrow, Sept. 10, we think our readers will be interested in the following note which we have received from a very well-informed West Australian miner who has within the last few weeks reached this country from the Colony. Our informant's opportunities of obtaining information were very good, and his judgment in mining matters may be relied upon. Our readers will, perhaps, forgive the scrappy nature of remarks which were sent to us rather for our own information than for publication in their present form. We have preferred to give our correspondent's exact words rather than partly destroy their value by re-writing and elaborating the information sent to us.

Great Boulder Props. are the best West Australian buying since the Horseshoe lode has underlayed into their property, and the increased milling-plant made the lately declared dividend of ninepence a-share possible in place of the old sixpence. The Associated Northern Blocks present trouble is due to the practice hitherto pursued of sending ore to the smelters only. The drives, which should approximately



ON THE MEXICAN RAILWAY: ATOYAC BRIDGE.

be 6 ft. 6 in. in height, are, "when a rich patch has occurred," as high as 12 feet, thus showing a tendency to picking out the eyes of the mine. As to the discrepancy between the late and present management of the gold contents—the late manager was an optimist, the present very conservative—there is but little doubt that in the opening-up of the stopes equally rich patches will be found, and it would be safe to reckon on from 5 to 10 per cent. more gold than given in Mr. Roberts' estimate. It is, however, a patchy and treacherous mine, one that lends itself to market manipulations. It strikes me as being rather humorous, Messrs. Doolette, Waddington, Tetley, and Pomeroy removing Landau from the Board: something like Satan reproving sin.

The parent Company (the Associated) has the failing of very rapidly contracting pay-chutes, and notwithstanding published returns of assays from the diamond-drill, local people are very sceptical that there is much of any value below 700 feet. However, there are still large ore-reserves above this depth, and many of the old stopes would pay if cleaned out, good ore and sands being there—the remains of the Irwin-Temby régime.

From the first few lines it will be seen that our formerly expressed view with regard to Great Boulder Proprietary shares is confirmed, and we still consider them worth picking up on any relapse.

OUR BROKEN HILL LETTER.

Coming at a time when the rise in silver is attracting fresh attention to the New South Wales mines, this first instalment of our latest Broken Hill letter will be studied with exceptional interest. Our correspondent lays much stress upon the price of lead, and gives some striking details of the way in which the recent water-famine was met. Happily, since the following lines were written, the Colony has at last received the long-needed refreshment of heavy rain.

Broken Hill, since I last wrote to these columns, has had some strange ups and downs. First, the slump in lead caused most of the mines to shut down; next, the Proprietary Mine discovered the value of its slimes, how they could be sintered and used in smelting to flux the sulphide ores; then came a temporary revival in prospects, followed by a renewal of the slump; this was succeeded by the discovery and patenting by Mr. G. D. Delprat, General Manager of the Proprietary Mine, of the "salt-cake" process of treating zincs. For the moment the outlook brightened, some of the mines re-opened, others prepared to follow suit; next, the Consols Mine "ran absolutely dry" of its marvellous veins of silver, and shut down; lead rose again, but only to fall; on top of all this, the water-supply gave out, and one day in June every mine along the line of lode put up its shutters and over five thousand men were temporarily idle.

The water-famine has, however, been grappled with by mighty hands, and at the end of July, the Proprietary, British, Central, South, and Block to were once more at work, though not on full time. However, about four thousand men have again been put on the pay-list, though the Government is assisting the others, some by means of relief-works, some with free grants of food, water, and other necessities of life.

Water at the rate of nearly 800,000 gallons per week is being trained to Broken Hill from South Australia under an agreement between the New South Wales and South Australian Governments. In addition, all the old mines and dams in the district are being pressed into service. The Proprietary has erected condensers for

condensing the steam, and so successful have these proved that the other mines are following suit. About three hundred men are also engaged some twenty miles from Broken Hill constructing a huge dam, to be used, when the rain does come, as an auxiliary to the Stephens Creek supply. The Stephens Creek reservoir has a capacity of 4,000,000,000 gallons; the new reservoir, at Umberumberka, will hold 1,200,000,000 gallons. But, without rain, neither reservoir will be of use, and it new and again seems as if Broken Hill will never again have rain. During the whole of 1902 only 3.45 inches were registered, and the total fall for the first seven months of this year has been 2.92 inches. The drought has broken up in nearly every part of Australia except the Barrier.

The mines now at work can, of course, only keep going temporarily. South Australia can't supply Broken Hill with water for any length of time. But had the mines not re-started, the major portion of the population would have left the city, and once the men had scattered, the bringing them back or securing others in their places would have been a task fraught with great difficulty. Therefore, under the circumstances, it is better policy for the mines to keep going from hand to mouth than remain closed down. The interests at stake are too great to allow of the field taking a complete holiday. The State Government recognised this and has assisted the town splendidly.

Until the famine busted along, the mines doing productive work were, in spite of the still low price of lead, paying their way. So thorough have been the economies adopted in methods of work during the past two years that the big mines can now produce a profit with lead at £11 per ton, while with it at £12 all the mines could resume; £13 per ton, which we regard as a normal price, would yield a handsome profit right along the line. With lead averaging £10 11s. 2d. for the six months ending May, the Proprietary was able to make a profit on working of £86,000, against £83,000 for the previous six months. However, management expenses and £20,000 odd debited to depreciation brought this £86,000 down to £57,661 net (equal to a little more than a 1s. dividend). During the six months the production was 32,029 tons lead and 2,419,367 oz. silver, a trifle below the output of the previous term, due to the metal contents of the ore being a fraction less. To secure this product 279,773 tons sulphide and 7611 tons of oxidised ores were mined. Oxidised ore is not an important factor now in the Proprietary; the sintered slimes have taken its place.

Considering the weather which most of us have "enjoyed" for our holidays, some feeling of injured innocence may be excused at the knowledge that more than one of our summer months has been supplied with twice as much rain as fell in Broken Hill for the whole of last year.

Saturday, Sept. 5, 1903.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

SCRUBBLES.—With regard to the "Bank," we should not care to let them have any of our own money. In reply to your second question, you should deal only with a member of the Stock Exchange.

FIFESHIRE.—Cut No. 1 and No. 2. The others are worth keeping; the best of the three is New Kleinfontein.

THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS JEWELLERS & SILVERSMITHS, LTD.

6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

WEST END BRANCH

THE DIAMOND MERCHANTS ALLIANCE LTD

68 PICCADILLY, W.



Brooch, Diamonds and Whole Pearl, £5 5s.

WHAT DOES SHE SAY ?



I purchased all my Jewels upon Credit, on "The Times" System of Monthly Payments, at Catalogue Cash Prices, from the Association of Diamond Merchants, Ltd.

We have a Large Assortment of Second-Hand Jewels. Write for Special List.



Fine Diamonds, £24 15s.

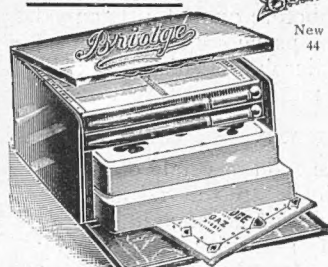


Gold Cat and Goldfish Charm, 11s. 6d.



Very Elegant Pearl and Diamond Drop Necklace, with Fine Platinum Chain, £31 10s.

ONE HUNDRED DIFFERENT PATTERNS IN STOCK.



Sterling Silver Bridge Box, contents as illustrated, £5 5s. Smaller, without fall-down flap, £3 3s.

Telegrams: "Ruspoli, London."

Telephone Nos.: 5178 Gerrard 1939 Central.

THE ASSOCIATION'S LATEST NOVELTY. THE "GOOD LUCK" BANGLE. Beautifully Enamelled Shamrocks and Ladybirds, Real Pearls, £3 3s.



Fine Diamond Pendant, Latest Design, £45. Pearls, with Brilliant Centre, £14 14s.



Enamel and Gold Bangle, Real Pearls, with Enamel Heart, Pearl Centre, £2 17s. 6d.



Ruby or Sapphire and Diamond Scarf Pin, £1 15s.



Ring set with Fine Diamonds and 1 Whole Pearl, £105. Pearl and Diamond Rings in Stock, from £5 to £500.



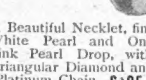
18-ct. Gold Golf Ball Scarf Pin, 15s. 6d.



Platinum and Gold Scarf Pin, Whole Pearl Ball, 12s. 6d.



Gold Pig Charm, Real Pearl, 10s. 6d.



A Beautiful Necklace, fine White Pearl and One Pink Pearl Drop, with Triangular Diamond and Platinum Chain, £105.

Notice. The Association have amalgamated with The Diamond Merchants Alliance Ltd 68 Piccadilly W. The combined stocks form one of the largest most varied and best value in the world. Prices have been adjusted which will mean a saving to purchasers of 25 percent "The Times" system of monthly payments will extend to both establishments.

PLEASE WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE THE FINEST IN THE WORLD 4000 ILLUSTRATIONS, POST FREE.